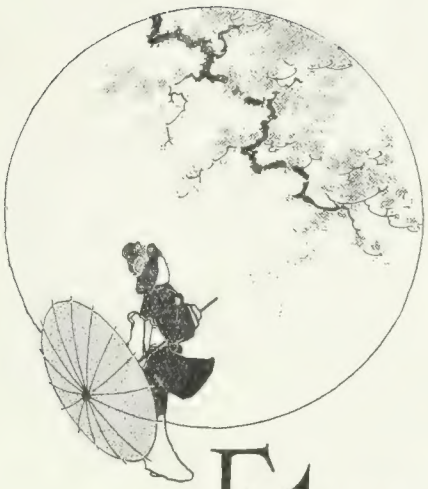

February

"MISS EMILY," HE SAID, AND HIS VOICE TREMBLED A LITTLE, "I WISH YOU WOULD LISTEN TO ME FOR A MOMENT." IT WAS COMING! OH, DEAR, IF HE ONLY WOULDN'T

To accompany
"Her Elderly Lover"
See page 285

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Smuggling, The International Pastime

By Robson Black

With Cartoons by M. B. Aleshire

SMUGGLING is a game. Some people play games for fun, some for keeps. Many folks go at Lost Heir, for instance as if it were Lost Health or Lost Reason. It is that way with smuggling things. The immorality depends on the spirit you fetch with you. Whether you pilfer in the sportsman's joy of pure ecstasy or with the low-brow venality of one who seeks to profit—*that* cuts the line between the gentleman and the caitiff, (caitiff being no too severe a word under the circumstances, I ween). When a man or woman takes merchandise over the border from Canada to the Republic, their guilt is not to be ascertained by such clumsy resorts as Victoria-Statutes-chapter-forty-seven-beginning-near-the-bottom. It is a logician's problem to know just how far a pretty woman feigning sleep on a Port Huron Sarnia train with three pairs of new shoes suspended in the skirts of her six-months baby girl resembles a brick-moustached bandit guiding three contraband Chinamen between Winnipeg and Fargo. That's an involved moral and geographical problem. It is not for me to weigh and adjudicate but, speaking off hand, I immensely prefer the lady.

Smuggling is like a handsome shoplifter before a jury of young farmers; you may prove she broke the law but you cannot prove she isn't handsome. Strong men who turn pale and eat

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their knuckles at the very suggestion of theft and fraud, just blossom into a fine, healthy, contagious, musical smile when you taunt them with getting three pairs of silk pajamas over the river from Ogdensburg to Brockville. Is it not after all the same association of tickling ideas that delights the small boy when he surreptitiously lifts a pumpkin pie off Auntie's window-sill? It may be theft, and he profits by it when he eats the pie, but he thinks of the surprise that is coming to Auntie not of the remorse that should be eating at *his* vitals.

Mr. Sidney Smith, giving a definition of what makes "wit", said: "Let any man show me that which is an acknowledged proof of wit and I believe I could analyze the pleasure experienced

EMBEZZLING? THE SLEUTHS ARE ON YOUR TRAIL.
SMUGGLING? EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

from it into surprise partly occasioned by the display of talent in discovering it". That surely hits into the popular distinction between smuggling and embezzlement. To embezzle, you take from a private party while enjoying his trust. To smuggle, you plunder from a *government* under a direct challenge, to "try it if you dare". Surely there must be some such curious kink of human nature to cause the polite secretion of dutiable goods by thousands of men and women of social standing adventuring from nation to nation by the media of boats and trains. I know a college professor, a free trader, who tells me he smuggles *on principle*. But with most people the principle of *Protection* looks reasonable enough when the customs officer nabs the fat man across the aisle and demands acidly whether he got his shirt in Buffalo or Fenelon Falls. But you would bristle into a militant quill-throwing free trader were he to turn about and ask you sixty cents duty on your nice shiny shoes. So long as he kept his eye on the Buffalo shirt he was His Majesty's loyal gendarme upholding the banner of the Law. When he dares poke his glances insinuatingly in your direction, you give him the glassy welcome of a hangman hunting for clients. To the stoic that sort of spiritual outlook is rank selfishness, but, in the language of the ballad, "everybody's doing it"; and as an Ontario alderman once shouted to his fellow citizens: "I'd hate to be always butting against the voice of the vox populi".

Down in some of the countries south of the St. Lawrence where Jones, of Maine, and Baptiste McClure, of Quebec, can chat to one another over the line fence and still be under two flags, a measure of free trade is enjoyed that the reciprocity framers never even dreamed of. It is as if parts of these communities had steeped themselves for so many years in the convenience of buying in the open market of the continent that it had become legitimate and praiseworthy through age. Week by week, year by year, father, mother or the hired man hitch up the sorrel mare for the village *over the border*, returning at night with boots, shoes, cotton goods and coal oil, Ah, coal oil—that's the Edenic apple. If it were not that American coal oil can be bought for thirty per cent., saving over Canadian oil and give more satisfaction, the imp of smuggling might drop his pranks a while. Families along sections of that border do not "break the law" by stealth but in the more or less honest conviction that the practices of their grandfathers have deodorized the offence of its immorality and made it an unrelated physical act.

To give variety and color to the evidence, to illustrate its enormity

when tacitly sanctioned by the "best citizens" of a country, a Canadian of wealth and good reputation, once the mayor of his city, landed from Europe at a Canadian port with his wife and a particularly handsome daughter. When the luggage had been heaped on the dock with customs officials prying into the treasured depths of Paris gowns and furbelows, the ex-mayor stepped to an officer's side and requested a hurried examination owing to the closeness of train time. The largest trunk had been unfastened when the handsome daughter whispered to her father: "Give me a dollar bill and stop worrying". With the bill crushed in her glove she approached the examiner. "The train leaves in half an hour and we will be left in this place over night," she murmured—and she slipped the money into his hand. The trunk went closed instanter and the load of luggage passed on to the train.

The Niagara River is perhaps the most used of all waterways in the transportation of illicit persons and goods. Whatever the vigilance of a large body of customs agents, that narrow stream could unfold tales of midnight and midday excursions so daring as to dispute the sanity of those responsible for them. Goods have been floated across in barrels, bound together and submerged from sight. Yachts, purporting to be out for a day's innocent jaunt, have drawn up at American and Canadian docks with gay pleasure parties intended to disarm the suspicions of officials until they were out of sight, when the hold could be emptied at leisure. The frequency of these smuggled cargoes from side to side of the Niagara has given rise to many absurd yarns hinting at the existence of aeroplane smugglers, and subterranean passages beneath the boundary. But the telescope of the coast guardsman usually has a more important object on the horizon—the Chinaman.

The total prohibition imposed by the United States Government and the head tax of five hundred dollars for entrance to Canada renders even one of these gentlemen of financial importance and the capture of a sneaking Oriental is of more glory than many barrels of molasses. One must consider, too, the unmatched wiles of a well-trained Hong-Konger determined

THE CAPTURE OF A SNEAKING ORIENTAL IS OF MORE GLORY THAN MANY BARRELS OF MOLASSES

to pass freely between these western Promised Lands. Five hundred dollars is a large tribute for a small man and it takes an amazing lot of laundry or fried eggs to lift that personal mortgage. So Master Chinaman, desiring to start business in Canada rather than Toledo, goes to his Grand Master of Wiles, obtains full information, rates, risks, probable prison term and other matters any gentleman desires to know before starting on a voyage. If he dwells in Toronto he starts next day for the Niagara frontier or the neighborhood of Detroit where the going is good to the other side of Jordan. Miles from a country village he climbs a fence, close in the footsteps of his Chinese guide. At the water front a white man steps from a clump of willows, nods recognition to the leader and in turn heads the procession in a fresh direction by which after a circuitous route they reach a boat house containing a gasoline launch. Another white man sits at the engine, for smugglers seldom work without partners. The Chinese clamber aboard. Out into the stream, through the winding maze of the marshes, shoots the little craft. If the venture be made at midnight or through the thick of a foggy morning, the smuggler puts his motor at half

speed, and comfortably fills his pipe until the shreds take fire like a stack of straw. But should there have been a telepathic warning that officers are making a special annual clearing sale of the fraternity, the cargo crouches solemnly on the floor, lights are extinguished,silence is enforced, and a new landing place is made for. If the trip is successful—and hundreds of them must be, from the number of whites engaged in the business—the Chinamen strike for the interior without an instant's delay and by the local knowledge of their guide, may or may not reach a town some miles from the coast without arrest. When caught and returned to the border for trial it has been found extremely difficult to compel prisoners to "peach" on the whites who guided them past the customs line. A Chinaman in the witness box is a phenomenally aggravating fellow, for his wit is superior to the bluster of an attorney and his instinct for evasion is a thing for a museum. Imprisonment, fine, deportation, or all three, are the common punishment. The white smuggler, on the other hand, has time and again wormed his way out of convictions with absurdly inadequate fines. Thus, two men, May and White, of Port Dalhousie, Ontario, took two Chinamen from the Canadian shore to Youngstown, Ohio, in July last and were caught and fined $150 each and one day in jail. Canadian sentences are somewhat stiffer; nevertheless the avocation holds its recruits by the spell of adventure, peril, and fairly certain profit.

IN COURT, A CHINAMAN'S INSTINCT FOR EVASION IS A THING FOR A MUSEUM

How deep are the roots of this game of national defiance, how through long practice they have grafted the title of "good business" may be judged from this recent incident—an incident that may be multiplied into hundreds up and down the international border to-day.

An honorable merchant in the city of Kingston, Ontario, ordered a bill of goods from one of the biggest wholesale houses in Rochester, New York, A week passed, and a letter came from the manager of the company stating that the goods were ready to ship and adding: "What price do you wish marked on the invoices; it may help you overcome the duty?" In essence and in form and fact that was a neat invitation to steal $200 from the Canadian treasury. It was made by a firm of high reputation in business. And it was made as a matter of course, and to a stranger, with the deliberation of a long-continued habit. I am glad to say the Canadian merchant wrote the following reply: "Your letter is in language I refuse to understand. Ship the goods in the regular manner, invoiced at my exact purchase price." When the Game becomes a piece of recognized ritual in international business that is where anarchy takes its entrance cue, for there never was a more painstaking actor.

The Game spreads. We begin with an individual, carry the infection to a company, fix it finally upon a whole community. I am inclined to believe that in the end some people reverse the order of things and smuggle *conscientiously*, so much can habit become a fixed law. I knew a rector who brought an ice-cream freezer across—absent-mindedly; and a city solicitor who forgot to declare a talking-machine in the bottom of his club bag. I say they *forgot* to pay their duty and the word is no satire. They did forget because so many folks had been dinning tales into their ears that the squirm of self-conviction was insensibly cocained. Later despatch: the rector

paid up; the solicitor is thinking about it.

When an enterprising citizen takes out his papers as a smuggler it is often from the lure of a contest of wits as much as the incentive to make money illegitimately. A few years ago one of the ablest sea-captains on the Atlantic Coast, the son of a daring smuggler of the older and more piratical days, gave notice to his company and disappeared for many years. As master of a smuggling ship he turned up once more in the neighborhood of Father Point in the St. Lawrence River and a Government cutter was sent to watch his movements. On a Wednesday morning while the cutter lay at the wharf of the isolated wind-swept hamlet, the captain was called ashore to receive an important telephone message from an alleged French-Canadian farmer some miles to the east.

"There's a smuggling ship just off the farm," said an excited voice, "and the crew is busy unloading the goods."

Assuring him of a handsome reward the captain hurried back to his vessel, got up steam and bore off to the east at full speed. Meantime the smuggler, who had himself been speaking to the captain from a spot many miles west of Father Point, steamed down the river to the Government dock and while the revenue ship grew smaller and smaller in the eastern sky he impudently unloaded his illicit cargo on the King's property where French-Canadian agents carted it inland during the whole of an afternoon. When the angry commander returned from the east at nightfall, Master Smuggler was again far on his way to Boston for another cargo and not a trace of the untaxed goods could be seen.

Some smuggling is funny, some adventurous, some brutalizing, some baldly and flatly venal and some—hanging on the edge of a question mark. Perhaps the latter is what a wide community of the clothing, boot and shoe, and drygoods merchants of Windsor and Detroit might prefer to call their contribution to the curious catalogue. In these establishments are special series of rooms, built and maintained for the sole purpose of permitting the purchaser from the opposite side of the border an opportunity to discard his old garments and don the new. Numbers of men and women cross the ferries of the Detroit River bearing on their backs the garments of approaching poverty and on their feet the discarded shoes of a sensitive tramp. At nightfall, back they flock but lo ! new plumage, new wing feathers, new comb and new claws. Of a truth is it that the solemn swift ribbon of water rolling down from the St. Clair should be bottled and sold as the Renewer and Revivifier

IT'S HARD FOR A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR TO RECOGNISE FOLKS AS THEY GO AND COME FROM DETROIT

of Youth and the one Sure Cure for the Shuffling Gait.

In the phrasing of the old school proverb: "Cheating comes to its master," and the temptation to smuggle sooner or later *ensnares* the persistent woman shopper accustomed to fly over border lines with a grin and a toss of the head.

A wealthy husband and wife residing in Seattle visited Canada about a year ago and at an aristocratic hotel were introduced to a display of lace gowns. The seller gave the usual arguments of cheapness "because fancy goods come into Canada from Europe duty free". The husband counted out $400 in cash and his wife carried the gown to her room in a fever of delight. They smuggled the article into the States by rolling it with other clothes in the bottom of a trunk. Two months

later Madame wore the gown to a bridge club, and like most smuggling ladies, she could not hold her tongue. One of her companions told the wife of a customs collector, who told a special agent, who told a woman detective, who called and seized the gown. "Outrages !"—this from the woman. "Impertinent usurpation of rights guaranteed by the constitution !"—similarly from the husband.

The first step following seizure was to appraise the gown and fix a value basis for assessing the duty. It was submitted to five or six experts in the lace trade. And here lies the bitter essence. Of the six estimates of the

IF THERE IS ONE DIAMOND RING SMUGGLED UNDETECTED IN A SEASON, THERE ARE TWENTY THOUSAND

gown's value, *the highest was* $78 and the lowest $60. The value of $70 was finally fixed and the duty of sixty per-cent., or $42, was paid by the husband. As a special penance the officials compelled the husband to add the total of the gown's value, $70, so that the seventy-dollar dress cost him $152, nor is he entirely free to-day from the risk of criminal prosecution by the Treasury Board.

Chief John A. Wilkie, of the United States secret service, in charge of the special agents of the Customs branch, and who has made smuggling almost as dangerous as counterfeiting, recently accused firms of fur dealers in Montreal with blindfolding American tourists.

"The Montreal fur swindlers," said he, "victimized many American school teachers last summer by having them leave orders for goods which could be made up 'just in time for the period in the fall when the duty is suspended.' Of course there is no such period, and of course the victims were forced to pay the duty in addition to the huge prices charged by the Montreal swindlers."

Above all other legal considerations, beware of the foreign shop-keeper who induces the traveller to buy heavily, by offering to pack with the goods cash slips for only fifty to seventy-five per cent. of what was actually paid. The practice is especially prevalent in Europe among dealers in feminine fripperies, bric-a-brac, art furniture, and such like. The customs agents at all ports, Canadian and American, have a complete list of foreign dealers who give fake bills, and goods entered under bills from these houses are subject to special scrutiny. The use of any such bill by a returning passenger, if detected at the time of entry or afterward, subjects him to criminal prosecution in addition to forfeiture of the goods and a fine equal to the value of the goods and the evaded duties.

It is not at all strange that customs officials, as a class, prefer to underestimate the amount of Canada's loss by illicit transportation of goods, false swearing, and the thousand deceits open to individuals and companies. When they assert that not one per-cent., of total importations escape the tariff tax there is absolutely no way of supporting their estimate statistically, as there is no way of refuting it. It is wholly a matter of guessing. Col. Denison in the Toronto Police Court once said to a detective of the Eaton departmental store," I suppose you don't catch more than one in ten of these shoplifters ?" and the detective replied: "Not one in *fifty*." It must be a good deal that way with the prevention of international smuggling on a wholesale scale; one is apprehended and forty-nine continue industriously.

THE CHINESE CLAMBER ABOARD, AND OUT SHOOTS THE LITTLE CRAFT INTO THE MAZE OF THE MARSHES

If there is one thousand dollars worth of furs taken from Canadian stores to the States each year without a penny of duty there is a million dollars worth, for the fur trade thrives during the summer in this country by virtue alone of American tourist purchases. If there is one diamond ring taken to Uncle Sam's place between Christmas and Christmas by his absentee spenders, there are twenty thousand. With the growing flood of personal traffic back and forth from New York to Toronto, from Winnipeg to Chicago, from Vancouver to Seattle, the flotsam of illegitimate imports increases in direct ratio to the profitable current of international trade. Obviously the greatest vigilance, the most unsparing pressure, is directed toward the suppression of falsely quoted commercial shipments. Thus a dishonest Detroit dealer might list a two thousand dollar motor car at $1500 and save his customer thirty per-cent. on the difference. On standard goods, however, such a trick is difficult, for the reason that a customs appraiser is generally in possession of elaborate information gathered from a multitude of sources and aimed to defeat just such an attempt. He knows, or should know, the quotations on old china, the dresses of Paquin, a Venetian vase, Italian busts, English boots, Irish linens, American arc lamps, and Chinese fire-crackers. A hitherto reputable New York firm of art dealers was haled to court a short time ago for wholesale frauds in the importation of art goods. Expensive canvases were imported from Europe in syrup barrels, and between layers of window glass. Opium and cocaine are poured into Canada from China, Turkey and India by similar means. The source of opium confiscated in every raid on Chinese "joints" has only in rare cases been traced, the supposition being that it was carried from American points in comparatively small packages by English agents. Despite the unbending restrictions upon its distribution, probably two thousand pounds of it are stored secretly in the Chinese resorts between Halifax and Victoria at this very moment. Similarly with cocaine. Hip pocket agents, as they are called, patrol the streets of Toronto and Montreal doling out supplies

WHEN MADAME STEPPED ASHORE THE CUSTOMS INSPECTOR SAID SUAVELY, "ARTICLES UNACCOUNTED FOR—"

to poor wretches at fifty cents for a diluted quarter-ounce. All these defiling poisons are purchased by such travelling dispensaries from "wholesalers" who work hand in hand on both sides of the boundary, and so cunningly as to guarantee protection.

A Canadian woman of some social prominence, crossing from Liverpool to Quebec, confided to the French maid, assigned to her cabin, the infor-

mation that she had bought in Paris a seven-thousand dollar pearl necklace. The maid was politely pleased and assured Madame that her fears of a search at the Customs dock were quite without foundation. Madame became more and more chummy and divulged six or seven other objects hidden in her trunk. Near Quebec the little maid was seen to whisper a word to the Customs officer as he came aboard from the tender. Mr. Officer promptly scribbled a note in his book, and when Madame stepped ashore he doffed his cap to her and said suavely: "Articles unaccounted for: one necklace of pearls, the canvases of two paintings, four sapphire and opal rings and a silver dinner service." The lady stared. So did the brass buttons. The lady screamed a plebeian "What ?" and fell into the arms of the maid who cooed: "Dear lady, one must put up with these little accidents." The sequel is that the Customs Department had to increase the girl's annual retainer and the moral is: "Put not your trust in mademoiselles."

OFFERING TO PAY HIS MAJESTY'S LAWFUL DUTY ON A MEASLY BOX OF CIGARS

At the Royal Military College at Kingston, cadets are allowed no pockets in their uniforms, nor can they carry parcels of any kind. Under these circumstances the seniors sometimes compel their "fags" or freshmen to import peanuts and sweetmeats past the college sentries and officers by stuffing them into their pill box hats—a successful device except when the sun is hot or the wind blows high. Thus is necessity ever the mother of invention. The thumbscrews of the customs laws have extorted many such ingenious ideas. Professional smugglers have been known to secrete a dozen precious stones in their mouths and carry on an intelligent conversation with the customs examiner. Others have carried jewels in hollowed boot heels and inside the casing of an empty watch. A fraud was uncovered at Vancouver by which men went aboard incoming steamships from China and Japan and in the seclusion of a cabin, donned a dozen suits of silk pajamas apiece, stuffed themselves into corpulency with bales of silks and then walked down the gangplank innocently holding out a box of cigars on which they *volunteered* to pay His Majesty's lawful tax.

CHANGE

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

LIGHTLY he shut the door, and swung away,
A whistled melody sweet on his lips,
And left her. . . . But in that brief moment's space
She closed a chapter in the Book of Life,
Left Love behind, and turned her to The World.

Thistledown o' the Clouds

By James Church Alvord

Author of "The Sins of the Mothers," "The Nun at the Tavern," etc.

Illustrated by Charles A. MacLellan

THE Fourth of July started in at Nipmuc Park with a howl of unprecedented success. Never had the lovely lake, tossed down right upon the border-line between two states and into a veritable clump of factory-towns, drawn such crowds as on this wonderful summer day.

The clang of the electrics streaming to the rococo gate in droves, the shrieks of the women at the jolt of the sudden stop, the answering hoot and jump of the young men long wearied by the clutch and lurch of the running board, gave a vivid thrill to the crush and swelter of the hour. All southern Massachusetts and northern Rhode Island was debouching himself and his girl, or his wife and his children, at the tumultuous entrance. The happy-go-lucky crowd fairly mobbed the ticket-sellers at the side-show booths; but everybody was laughing, joshing, elbowing. The women mill-workers were a bit over-gorgeous in their clothing, the lads and men a trifle sporty in their checks and plaids and hat-bands, yet everybody was ready to give and take, to look for the laugh and forget the fret. The smile of the blue heaven above was matched by the grin on the gay humanity beneath.

Each car, tooting its way up into the reckless mass of pleasure seekers, bore on its front the enormous announcement that Mlle. Gabrielle La Fere, the beautiful French aeronautiste, imported straight from Paris at unstinted expense, would ascend that afternoon in her own balloon and "jump immediately above the park into the cerulean waters smiling from below." A boy at the switch distributed handbills out of which glowed a glorious cut of Gabrielle smiling blithely from the seat of her parachute. She looked like a dental advertisement. The diamonds around her neck, as huge as pigeon's eggs, had been presented by no less a person than the Tsar of Russia himself—at least the hand-

bill said so. Milford fought with Woonsocket, Hopedale with Pascoag, for the possession of these flaming concoctions.

Out from the skirmish at the gateway towered an enormous head and shoulders, crowned with fiery locks and decorated with an even redder beard, while a pair of childish blue eyes in the midst of all that flaming looked anxiously here and there, searching for somebody lost. At last they caught sight of a slim dark young fellow piloting a middle-aged woman cautiously through the melee. Only the woman's bonnet and her fluffy gray hair were visible. A voice to match the giant immediately roared at somebody hanging on to the region of his armpits, apparently.

"There he is, fiddlin' with a skirt," bellowed the voice, "th' d— fool! The man below made a valorous jump. Just then the pack cleared for a moment, and he saw. A little man he was, medium-tinted in hair, in clothes, in complexion. His mouse-colored necktie summed up his soul.

"Aw—g'lang, Skeedunk," he sputtered, "she's old, and Bill Dane, 'e's always sweet on wimmen folks. She don't cut no h'ice. Wish she did, it's that 'ot."

"Don't cut no ice? Say, Bonehead, you *are* a new one, you are! That fem's Flora Whistler, as was Flora Stowe, as was Flora Brown, as was Flora Parsons, as was Flora Beecher—that's who she is. Caroliny Bill married her daughter, after every feller in th' shop had told him the kind she were, after I'd lambasted him good and hot. I was his boss them days. A month after th' weddin' I seen her up to Hoag Lake, as was Hog's Pond, scootin' about on that merry-go-round, an' flutterin' her pretty white dress 'way out in th' wind, th' dress she married an honest lad in. The organ was squealin' "Sweet Marie" like somebody were stickin' knives into it. The fellow runnin' th' shebang were just her kind, two peas in a pod and th' pod over-ripe and witherin'. Fluffy yeller hair, vi'let eyes, wax-figger cheeks, shirt front open to peek-a-boo his softy neck to admirin' feemales. His get-up was all pleats an' blue stuff an' red ribbon. Not that I object to a tasty tie—wear 'em myself. But he made me sick. Look at Caroliny pilotin' Ma: he treated Josie just that way, worshipped her. There she was on them horses an', every time girly-girly come around, he gave her a little lovin' wipe. 'Twould have been pretty enough if she hadn't been another feller's wife. Which she were. Well they run away together, an' Caroliny followed 'em an' begged her to come back, an' she laughed at him, and they got strapped an' sent for money, an' Caroliny sent on all he could squeeze out—said as how he didn't want the little thing to suffer—an' now he's lost sight—Gee, there he comes now! Here, Bill Dane— Caroliny! we're' dead late."

The dark, melancholy young fellow, whose only beauty was a pair of haunting eyes, joined them listlessly. He had an air of refinement about him that set him superior to his comrades at once, his clothes were of a better cut, his hands smaller, his talk was Southern.

"That was mother-in-law," he announced." She had lost her friend in the crowd, an' she's right scairt with no man about." He saw no reason for the smile which broadened round, so paid no attention to it.

The three wandered among the crowd and vainly did Skeedunk attempt to drag the attention of the sad boy at his side to the screaming jollity of the day. He looked at the bear, when he was ordered to look; he bought popcorn, when it was thrust upon him; he took an oar in the boat, when the haw-haw-haw of the red-beard announced that he dasn't 'cause he'd never been learnt. His rowing was of a superior order and when urged, he even gave examples of different strokes. He looked at the pictures of Mademoiselle La Fere with a languid interest, suddenly brightened, stepped nearer to the ensanguined poster—the artist had blossomed the lady out in scarlet regimentals—then dropped softly back. The smile died out of his face, the eyes lost their sudden lustre. For a moment the boy had

almost risen to beauty. At noon Skeedy was forced to order the lunch according to the tastes of himself and the gray-necktied Bonehead. "Gee," the red-beard confided to Bonehead, as he rustled the menu ostentatiously, "he's a fool, a plum idiot, to go round moonin' forever over a skirt. Huh, I've had 'em an' lost 'em by the dozen —no-count feemales !"

Evidently Skeedunk was an unappropriated blessing still a-dangle on the matrimonial tree. And he was certainly long ripe at that.

In the centre of the Park grounds, on a little knoll free from trees, the balloon was slowly filling with hot air generated from a trench dug in the ground. The huge, dingy, bulbous thing of yellowish-white was by noon-time but a shapeless mass of promise and expectant wrinkles, as it swayed and bellied above the inrush of air. The parachute attachment lay on the ground beside it and two anxious blue-jeaned attendants were assisting a pompous Milford policeman to keep off the fingers of the crowd. A rumor drifting everywhere, declared this to be the lovely Gabrielle's first jump despite the legend on the handbills. Excitement deepened. Something like that furor at watching the sanguinary contest between life and death, which tingled up old Roman veins, leaped into the speech and the emotions of these steady-going men and matrons from New England looms.

Still, when Skeedunk suggested that the thing might be so, Bonehead

"THAT WAS MOTHER-IN-LAW," HE ANNOUNCED. "SHE'S RIGHT SCAIRT WITH NO MAN ABOUT"

"GEE," CONFIDED SKEEDY, "I'VE HAD 'EM AND LOST 'EM BY THE DOZENS—NO ACCOUNT FEEMALES"

exuded scepticism of the intolerant British type.

"Seed it myself," he rebelled rather tumultuously for such a mouse, "said on board an experunced h'aeronautisty from Paris. Guv' 'er pictur too, sailing down real natural. How'd 'un get 'er pictur if 'er never jumped ?" He retired into his grayness again.

Carolina Bill looked at him a moment in wonderment but said nothing. He of the scarlet whiskers put them both down for "gumps."

At two o'clock a bell rang to announce the hour. The three shopmates who had gone off from the ground for a momentary round of soft drinks, found all the advantageous places jammed when they returned. The balloon already floated several yards in air, two men were busy with the parachute beneath. One of these caught the attention of Skeedunk and he lifted his great height on tiptoes for a further glimpse. He discovered readily a slim, girlish lad, garbed in extravagant imitation of a college boy's summer outfit, and crowned with a flop of golden curls. He let one shrill whistle ooze between his closed lips and landed squarely on the ground once more. He was glad that Bill was merely medium height. He knew that yellow flop. He knew too the frenzied bursts of Dane's sudden tempers.

A clapping of hands, amid which a

merry girlish laugh was smothered almost past finding out, announced the advent of the wonderful French aeronautiste. But Mlle. Gabrielle was far too petite for even the gigantic Skeedy to glimpse in the midst of those billowing herds of humanity which surged around her. The little tent in which she had been preparing herself for her "act" was ripped from its mooring and hurled to the ground as the stalwart men and the strapping women fought for a sight of the dainty creature. Above the uproar soared the gruff roar of the policeman and the sweet voice of the girl pleading.

"O, please—please—really, this gown rips awfully easy. O, please, please—you're squashing me something dreadful—Please !"

William Dane started at the sound of that musical cry and arose as if to elbow himself through the jam; but his older comrades laid detaining clutches on his shoulder.

"Don't be a loony," Red-beard adjured him.

The boy shook himself and smiled bitterly. "For twelve months I've fed on ghosts," he said, "I have right smart. Don't blame me."

The policemen and the employees, aided by the director of the Park, had managed by this time to thrust the curiosity-driven people back. Skeedy could see a black head bobbing excitedly and even catch, now, a fleeting glance-full of filmy, cloudy stuff of shimmering blue. The young man with the golden curls was evidently anxious and solicitous, for he repeated certain instructions over and over while the girl mocked him with her pretty bubbling laugh and shook a rebellious head at his lecturing. The giant was certain that he caught the youngster's words. "You must hug onto the ropes like a wrestling champ," he was commanding, "the straps aren't enough. Stop giggling and listen ! The straps aren't enough. It's hugging will flash you in the winner. Hug or—die. Do you hear me ?—hug or die."

"GHOSTS," HE MURMURED, "GHOSTS; BUT THEY HURT"

The tinkling laugh with which the blithe young creature mocked him swept suddenly aloft as the mechanics loosened the ropes and the huge bulb lifted itself, with the easy gesture of a vulture's wings, some twenty feet above the earth, allowing Gabrielle to be seen by the entire assemblage. A great shout spouted after her from the sweltering pack, thrilled by her loveliness. She was as exquisite as some strange equatorial bird, lilting on her perch, preening her dainty plumage. Her nebulous dress of blue waved slightly in the wind, swept down around her tiny, blue slippered, blue-stockinged feet, and blazed with golden stars. The Tsar's world-famed necklace snuggled about her neck. The stars were tinsel, but they gleamed in the blaze of the day. The diamonds were rock-crystal, but they winked up jovially at the sun. And the crowd knew, now, to a man and a woman, that all that beauty was to race neck-and-neck with death. Her face was turned from Dane and his two friends so that, at first, they could only see the slender, graceful, exultant figure poised in mid-air above them, the heavy masses of black hair, the pink rose-wreath twined around her head. Carolina Bill wrenched and groaned.

"Ghosts," he murmured, "ghosts; but they hurt—ugh !"

The girl twisted herself and showed an exultant face. It *was* Josie.

His two friends leaped at the frantic boy. Skeedunk writhed his immense

muscles around the lad's chest, held his hands as if he were a naughty baby. Bonehead gripped him by the legs. But Dane wriggled, fought, punched, kicked, attempted to scream. He fought bitterly, frantically, he was mad with love and hate and terror.

"Let go," he sputtered behind the kind, strong palm which smothered his utterance, "Let go! She shan't go up. I tell you she's my wife. She shan't go up."

The crowd around turned for a moment to watch the battling men and the girl above, oblivious to her husband's presence, shook her bangles to the sunlight, twinkling them here and there, waved her arms, threw kisses right and left. No one was omitted in that prodigal generosity. Her face glowed with excited vanity. For the moment she was the most beautiful and the most observed woman in her little world. She asked no more of life than that. The effeminate youth below called once more. "Remember the rebound and you're all right. Grab, at the rebound, like a bull pup on a tramp and you're all right."

She laughed back gaily and kicked out one blue kid slipper coquettishly towards his tremulous exhortations. The silk stocking was heavily embroidered with white daisies, tawny-hearted.

"O, you pretty creetur," wailed a woman's voice," don't you know you'll likely die?" At this a silence fell across the crowd.

In the silence Dane choked with a maddened agony of speech, the manager of the Park counted, "One—two—three" rather aggressively, and the balloon leaped skyward.

At that moment William Dane tore himself from his comrades and dashed headlong into the tiny vacant ring where the balloon had been. He flung himself catapultic upon the blond-haired boy, who was gazing dully after the balloon, and struck him full in the girlish face. The boy dropped into a huddle on the grass, half-gathered himself into a limp heap, and began to whimper like a spanked child. Once more, and once only, Dane stooped and struck him in the face. A great jet of blood spurted after, the flashy

"STOP GIGGLING, AND LISTEN!" HE COMMANDED. "DO YOU HEAR ME? HUG OR DIE"

suit was incarnadined. The policeman bustled up, the crowd caught hold; but the red-haired giant, straddled before them, spoke one word.

"She's this feller's wife." The crowd snorted and stood back.

Up—up—up rose the girl. Above the giddy roofs of the absurd show-buildings, above the high tops of the cypresses along the edge of the shimmering lake, on and on. She waved her hands in kittenish, flirtatious gestures, threw an even more abundant supply of kisses earthward, rested on her perch as lightsomely as though she scarcely needed its support. She seemed a creature of the air. Even prosaic Skeedy felt the mystery of her mood and feathery grace. Even Bonehead opened his mouth in an attempt to gulp in something untouched by his comprehension hitherto. Carolina Bill stared numbly up, smitten dumb after his one deed of irresistible wrath. The crowd, in the horror of the moment when the viewless air carried off into its irresponsible vastities one so reckless and so fair, stood breathless around him; his friends were grouped on either side; the show-boy sniffed and slobbered at his feet. At last the girl became a mere dot on the heavens, a daub of blue beneath a soaring yellowish ball which rushed on wings of space higher and higher.

So far above them was she that it became impossible to distinguish the moment when she sundered the parachute from the balloon. Suddenly she began to fall while the winged thing above her, relieved from her weight, flashed at incredible speed towards the clouds. The girl fell swiftly, perpendicularly. The women in the park closed their eyes involuntarily; the whimpering youth arose to his knees and gaped at her; William Dane held his breath and waited tensely. It seemed that the cruel fall could never stop. The parachute dropped behind the girl tightly closed, motionless, save for its unending and brutal descent.

Then marvellously, without warning, a huge white flower blossomed out against the sky just above the tumbling girl. The sigh of relief from that packed and bunched humanity swept clear across the park and was echoed up from the flotilla of boats upon the lake. Josie was plainly visible now, a blue heart in that magical pale blossom, leaping upward in the rebound. She flew with a hideous jerk, like some vibrant creature snatched from the sea at the end of a fisherman's line. But as she flew there shrilled from those unscalable heights a cry of fear, of agony, of desperation. Far, faint, phantasmal, a bitter thing to hear. For a second the people thought the danger passed as the form settled beneath the parachute; but it detached itself, vaulting through the void immense, while the gigantic umbrella followed after, rocking from side to side with a waggish air of triumph. The girl had not "hugged on." Women fainted everywhere; the lad of the golden curls gathered his flimsiness together and fled; Dane stalked steadily, stealthily, more and more immediately beneath the down-thundering woman.

Twice the slim figure turned a summersault in space, her blue skirts swishing wide, her white arms flashing in the dazzle, her loosened hair floating. Each time the stars on her shimmering raiment twinkled gruesomely. The crowd was face to face with death and was not enjoying it. It takes a Roman stomach to digest a Roman holiday.

Momentary relief swept over the throng as the faint wind caught Josie's azure draperies and pushed her towards the pond. The men and women along the shore ran out from under the smash of that down-coming, the boats upon the water swung to the rescue. In a minute—in far less than that—everybody knew that she would crash into the summit of an ancient elm which spread its fan of branches beside the wharf. One man had already discovered this and was standing beneath the tree. Skeedy sprinted towards him.

Standing there alone William Dane was transfigured by the immensity of his love until, despite the commonness of his ready-made clothing, his rather garish crimson tie, his untrained figure, he gleamed out from the shadows with a certain fineness. He took on heroic proportions, was exalted above his fellows by the inborn tenderness of his spirit. For two breathless seconds the throng watched his face, uplifted, exalted, glorified, as he tossed his sinewy arms towards that silly reckless girl hurtling through the air head-downwards.

The body crashed through the topmost twigs and a shower of leaves danced fluttering earthwards. The branches gripped the floating hair and again the figure turned, crushing through the lower boughs feet-foremost. The tree had slacked the impetus, the man gripped himself and prepared. He thrust his hands even higher, he leapt towards her as she came, he snatched her skirts with swift and strenuous fingers, and hurled her sidewise across his head. She slid rather than crushed to the ground. It was an effort of incredible subtlety and strength.

The people, flocking in under the elm tree, found Carolina Bill seated on the grass, holding the pallid, unconscious creature in his arms, sopping at the blood which oozed out over her charming shimmering frock. He was rocking back and forth as he crooned. The red giant towered behind.

"There, there, honey," the boy half-

chanted, "I've got you. All's right, all's right. Nothing can hurt you, now, honey—I've got you."

During the following fortnight the situation proved too delicate for anyone of the young fellow's friends to dare attempt. That Josie lived they all knew; but nobody ventured as far as the door-bell. Even the women held timidly aloof. The lad from North Carolina came and went, a smiling, joyous creature, transformed back into his old popular self. He offered no tidings and the group of workers around him asked none. Woonsocket has a tender heart and understands great agonies through great experiences.

At the end of the two weeks he hurt his foot slightly about the factory and the next day was forced to join the loafers at their noontide meal. Just as the Blackstone River enters Woonsocket, rolling down from mill-town after mill-town far above, it crooks itself like an elbow and loiters through a narrow stretch of grass and wavering trees. The place is green with a half-apology for being so and isn't very green after all. The grass is soiled with mill-smoke, the birches beside the river gray-olive with smudge, the very buttercups and daisies show a grimy white and a dimmed gold. But the river, unless you look too close at its coffee-colored flood, sour with the stench of acids, thick with the rot and refuse of a hundred shops, mirrors the blue sky above and even flashes back the sunlight in ripples of iridescent glow. Here beneath a clump of maples the cold-lunch-men meet and gossip and smoke away the short rest hour. Here came Dane with his dinner pail and his fuming pipe on this fourteenth day. As he came Skeedy, stretched to all the bulky length of him in the shade, determined to break the silence; but not until the hour was almost past did he screw himself up to the questioning point. When he spoke he blurted brutally in.

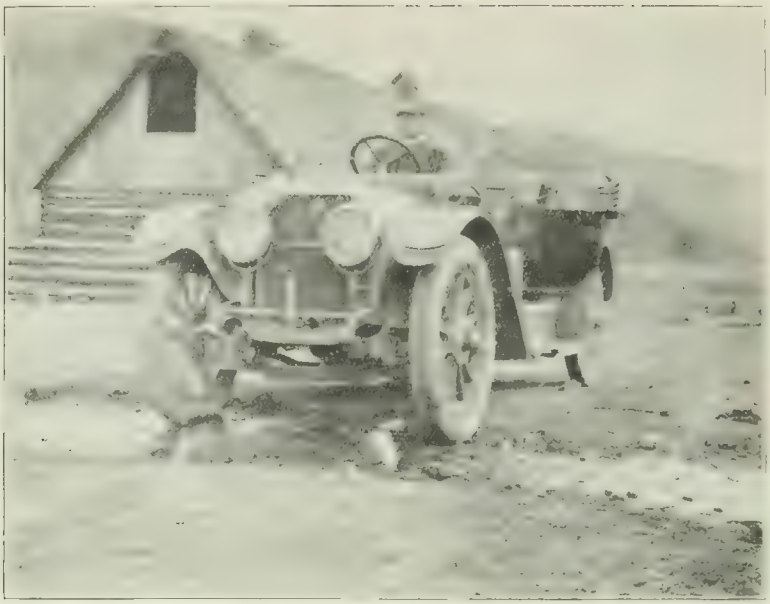
"How's th' woman, Caroliny?" he blustered because he was so frightened at his own audacity. One can't be scared and gentle at the same time.

The boy arose and faced his fellows.

"You-all reckon I'm a lunkhead and a softy," he cried and folded his hands across his chest, "But she's mine—mine forever and ever." He bared his head with a sudden snatch and raised his eyes into a swift thanksgiving. "Not that I wouldn't give her back, give her back gladly to that poor good-for-nothing cuss as sent her skylarking in a balloon, if that'd make her whole again. I reckon you-all know it wouldn't. She'll never walk no more, Doctor tells. I hope to see her wheeling her little chair out on the porch and she'll do that all right, all right—Doctor tells. But, my God, boys! don't think I'm longing to see her suffer. I ain't. I'd give her back—I'd more'n give her back, if that'd help. But she needs me. She'll always need me, she'll always be lying there like a kid for me to nuss and care for and love. We've talked it out. She's dreadful sorry; but I—I—I've got her back and she needs me. I can't rightly reckon I'm sorry. Call me a looney, if you like: I don't care what you-all think. She's mine. Nobody'll ever snatch her away again—she's mine to keep."

The factory bell clanked out its imperative note of warning and the boy, who bossed on the third floor up, galloped into a hasty run. The rest of the men, foundry hands under the redoubtable Skeedunk, lifted themselves loungingly from the fragrant grass. Just as they turned to go the huge red-beard spoke.

"Caroliny's a fool," the rims of his eyes shimmered with moisture and his lips twitched, "just a d—— fool."



THIS MODERN AUTOMOBILE MEETS BOATS AT SODA CREEK, AND CARRIES PASSENGERS TO ASHCROFT, 137 MILES OVER THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD

Good Fellows of the Trail

PART II.

By Frederick Foster

Illustrated from Photographs

MY arrangements to go from Giscombe Portage to Fort George by canoe were soon made: Dave Huble and I would start early the next morning, portage the rapids, and Ed Seebach with the canoe would meet us at noon at "The Dutchman's cabin."

In communities where the advent of a stranger means news of the outside world, acquaintanceship follows rapidly. The newest news I had was more than a week old, but I could go back a month without fear of delivering a message already told. And so we sat, "Old Joe", "Sandy" and myself, in the shade of the log store building gossiping, when through the bush came "The Pilot". Sight of him foretold trouble, so no one was astounded when he spoke: "Boys, we're on the rocks, will you help us off ?"

Some questions revealed the fact that the scow struck the first large rock in the rapids and several of the planks in the bow had been battered in, making a great hole. The momentum of the scow, however, was so great that

before much water could pour in, the scow was high enough on the boulder to lift the bow above the surface of the river. The Pilot had made his way to shore in a small boat and hastened back to the store for assistance. A canoe was launched and was soon alongside taking off the men, the scow being allowed to remain until a steamboat rescued it three days later.

After the first flurry of excitement caused by the return of the Pilot, I followed Joe to his cabin to while away the afternoon.

"Too many damn settlers comin' in. I'm starting to-morrow to find new trappin' grounds. Stretch out on that bunk over there." With these words he ushered me into his "summer home." There is not a creek, river, or lake in central British Columbia that Joe does not know. Each fall for more than two decades he has poled his canoe up some stream to where footprints advertised the presence of beaver, martin and mink. There he built his cabin, cached his canoe and winter's supply of "grub" and put out his line of traps. When the hillside showed evidence of spring's return the balsam canopy was removed from the canoe, the winter's catch of fur piled in the bow and Giscombe Portage again claimed Joe until the proper season for the canoe to be pointed again toward the silent places, that Milady might protect her pretty neck with furs of exceeding richness.

No one realizes better than Joe the meaning of the scows coming down the Fraser. No one sees with plainer vision the railway, farms and homes evolving. To Joe, the awakening of the wilderness means scarcity of fur. And so he starts on the morrow to look for new trapping ground, for the "damn settlers" are coming in greater numbers than ever before. As we watched, there passed three scows carrying more strange faces than were seen in the full course of a year at Giscombe, when Joe first came. Then came a canoe, this time not with a bundle of furs in the bow, but with a bundle of greater worth—settlers' effects. Here followed a raft, a handful of logs lashed together; its cargo of three, but a month removed from Holland's meadows, staring in silent admiration of their adopted country.

The call has gone out. No longer shall one of earth's richest domains be locked to the outside world merely because Milady asks for furs. Joe and his kind are being pushed back by the same relentless force which pulled Hans from the hay fields of Holland and transplanted him in this melting pot of opportunities. Soon, the loon's call to her mate will be answered by the screech of a locomotive. Where the Willow, Salmon, Stuart and Chilaco rivers silently empty their gold laden waters into the Fraser, towns will rise. The forests will ring with the axemen's strokes; plows will scour in the molds of centuries; herds will roam over the meadows and Mrs. Huble's call to the evening meal Joe and I answered, will be echoed by many a housewife in parts where never a child's cry broke the silence.

The sun was not more than an hour high when Huble and I began the portage of the rapids. The first two miles were made over the Giscombe-Summit Lake trail, the balance of eleven-mile journey through the forest, sometimes following an indistinct trail marked by broken twigs, at other times making our own trail. Upon a certain hill-side which was more or less free of underbrush but over which many rotted logs were distributed, we saw many signs of bear. In the search for grubs and insects, the greedy beasts had literally torn many of the logs apart. Where the same hill dipped into a valley a beaver had dammed a tiny stream forming a pond twenty or more feet in diameter; had built her home and was raising her young in this secluded spot.

A few minutes past noon we reached the cabin of the Dutch preemptor and there were met by Ed Seebach who had his canoe well loaded with furs, starting them on their way to the St. Louis, Missouri, fur market. An invitation from Mr. Huble to spend a few weeks with him next fall on a hunting trip rang in my ears, as we pushed off in the canoe.

In central British Columbia this is

the dawn of a development which will have no parallel in all history. Next year when the Grand Trunk Pacific runs the first transcontinental train into the Pacific Coast terminal, Prince Rupert, the inrush of settlers from throughout the world to this land of promise will start the world's statistical pencils working. Towns must be established to provide the demands created by this army of settlers. The topography of central British Columbia makes the establishment of many towns impractical but assures the few a degree of great importance. As Ed and I canoed down the Fraser, we saw one of these new towns in the making; with transit, chain and level a score of engineers were laying out the town of Willow River with scientific precision.

The novelty of seeing a "town being made to order" appealed so strongly that I sought the Chief Engineer.

"You are standing on the corner of the two principal streets of the future town," he told me. "The stake on which you just knocked the ashes from your pipe, marks a lot which will be worth several thousand dollars a year or so from now."

Then with a blue-print spread before us he launched into the subject.

"Here, at the crossing of these two streets, is where we are standing," he explained. "Four blocks down this way," tracing the blue-print with his finger, "will be the railway station and yards. This portion we are now surveying is the business portion only. When our work is finished the plans must be registered at the Government offices, then the town is thrown open to settlement, or a better word is occupancy. For town building in Western Canada is much like sky-scraper building in New York. Everything is made ready for the tenants to move in. As it is the wish of the railway company to make this one of the leading towns of central British Columbia the completion of our work is being looked forward to by merchants, manufacturers, home-builders and investors, who are anxious to get in at the beginning."

"Then you think that some day here will stand a city ?" I asked.

"SLIM" MILLER'S CABIN—THE CLEANEST BACHELOR SHACK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, BAR NONE

THE HIGH TABLE LAND LYING BETWEEN THE ROCKY AND THE CASCADE RANGES IS SUITED TO FARMING AND IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE FIELDS LIKE THIS WILL BE COMMON THERE

"Yes, there are many reasons why a city should rise here. There are seven billion feet of timber in the immediate vicinity waiting to be manufactured into lumber. The Willow River is an ideal logging stream and the boats on the Fraser can distribute the lumber manufactured here throughout central British Columbia, while the railway will carry it to the prairies. One of the largest coal deposits in the world lies a short way southeast; the Peace River country of unlimited agricultural opportunities spreads to the north and here at our door is an unlimited water power supply. So there you have it—manufacturing, mining, agriculture, a combination which puts cities on the map."

Had I not so recently seen sky-scrapered cities and thriving towns where but a few years ago coyotes sent up their eerie howl to the moon, perhaps I would have discounted the Engineer's enthusiasm, but I realize in Western Canada, it is village yesterday, town to-day, and city to-morrow. I have seen men of meagre means establish businesses in these new towns and make good. I have seen banks of world wide reputation establish branch banks in tents. I have seen investors purchase new town property for a few hundred dollars and sell it for many thousands. I realize that back of it is the half million people other nations are sending to Western Canada yearly. Let us not call them immigrants—that word seems to imply gunny sacks and garlic; let us call them Builders of a Nation, who have sold their Illinois farms, their city homes or their old country bank stock and are grasping the opportunities that only a new country can offer.

I am going to visit central British Columbia again next summer. I will again cross the wheat laden prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and I'll see from the car window the mighty Fraser and in my mind's eye, I'll see Ford, and Slim and the cook as I saw them when we went down on the scow. I'll perhaps clasp Sam Magof-

fin's hand again and ask him what railway he is helping build now. When I come to Willow River I will see the Engineer's prediction has come true. There will be wide streets flanked with stores; home-like houses nestled among the cotton woods and balsams; sawmills down by the river; trains, some headed for the Pacific, others for the prairies. I hope I'll again meet the Siwash Indian, who never having seen a train, assured me: "White man, he dam smart, but how he make trains pass ?" I tried to explain the working of a switch to him. "Ah ! I see, he portage."

Upon my arrival at Fort George, I found that my companion for the next week had secured saddle and pack horses and after a night's and day's rest, we "hit the Stony Creek Trail" for the valley of the Stuart River. Starting at six in the evening, we made our first stop at "Slim Miller's Cabin". Slim was not at home but my companion knew that a certain board out by the cache covered the key and soon each of us occupied a bunk under the roof of what Slim boasts is "the cleanest homesteader's cabin in British Columbia." By daybreak we were again on the way and for a week we journeyed through that part of British Columbia where the Nechaco, Stuart and Mud Rivers form the valleys of unknown possibilities. A few years hence, Central British Columbia will attract the attention of the civilized world by its cities, farms, mines and factories.

The Greek boy we met on the trail—a winner of a Marathon race held in Athens—now a hotel owner; the Italian who was walking to a job a hundred and fifty miles away, a half loaf of bread his food supply; the Englishman who bought 25,000 acres on Lake Bednesti; the American who has a chain of stores,—the names of these men are being written in the history of the development of this inland Empire.

My return trip to the Fraser River and down it by steamboat to Soda Creek and from there to Ashcroft and the railway, by automobile over the historical Cariboo Road, strengthened my earliest impressions. Follow the Good Fellows of the Trail into Central British Columbia, all you who would seek opportunity in a new country.

THRO' THE RAIN

BY A. ARTHUR TANES

IT was in early autumn when fields are bare and brown.
And withered leaves are falling, that I came down from town
And you had come to meet me—to meet me at the train—
That day we drove together—together through the rain.

How well I do remember the very words we spoke,
And how you laughed, protesting; the way I held your cloak.
And did we count discomfort? Or you, or I, complain,
That day we drove together—together through the rain?

Though many a year has vanished, since then, I see you yet,
Your hair all wet and waving, your face—can I forget?
Do I, indeed, remember? Oh, ask me not again!
That day we drove together—together through the rain!

The Barrel of Borogoves

By Emma Kenyon Parrish

Illustrated by C. Edith Mitchell

RADDIE and Elfrida had the afternoon before them; they had met about half way from home, each on the way to the other's house, but as Elfrida was more "dressed up" than her cousin, it seemed proper for her to do the visiting, and they went back to Raddie's. They always began their afternoon exercises in a spirit of strict politeness; this time was no different.

"Look at here," purred Raddie, "I'm got a new Esop-Fable. Let's look at the picshurs. That's Esop-Fable standing there, talking to the men. They're going to pitch him over a clift."

"What's a clift, Raddie ?"

"It's a big high place, Elfrida; as high as our bookcase."

"What they pitch him over for ?"

"Oh, butcause he told so many stories. Here's a story he told about a hen—oh, let's play hen, Elfrida ! We're got a barrel in the hay-barn; we could be hen in the barrel. Let's !"

They raced to the barn. "I beat !" panted Raddie, just a nose ahead. "O my sugar ! this barrel's full of pop-corn-pobs ! Mr. Whinkyter put 'em in there, I know."

If you had asked Raddie his name he would have answered promptly, "Radwin Whitaker." But if you had asked him his father's name he would have answered equally promptly, "Mr. Whinkyter !" He had got things tangled up when he was young, and had been too busy ever since to straighten them out.

Elfrida was used to that, and she asked, "What he put them in there for ?" Grown people are so thoughtless; no wonder she asked.

But this loyal son of an oddly named parent flew into an appearance of absolute fury at the question. "What *for ?*" glaring at Elfrida and shaking the barrel fiercely; "think we're got to keep all our barrels empty for a hundred weeks ? Ha, ha, I should fink not !"

Elfrida gazed at him a moment, in awe. His light-blue eyes fixed hers sternly, then they flickered, then they danced and all his little white teeth flashed.

"Oh, Raddie, you looked so funny

you scared me! I thought you was burglars."

"Don't be a-scared, Elfrida, I was just pertending. I'll always let you know when I be real burglars, butcause you're a little girl, you know."

In spite of this magnanimous assurance Elfrida did not like to let her mind dwell on the subject. "Let's play somepin' else, Raddie."

"Bear! Let's! I'm got a cloth young bear in the house; I'll get it."

"No, don't, Raddie, I'm afraid of him. I wish I'd brought my teddy-bear, he's always nice to me. Oh, play you be bear and I be lady, and I

"WE'RE GOT A BARREL IN THE HAY-BARN, WE COULD BE HEN IN THE BARREL. LET'S!"

shut the door on you quick, and you cry, awful, and say why was I so cruyul! Yes!"

"No, sir—mom. You have to play the way I like. I be bear, and eat you up, and you cry awful, and call your mamma. Yes!"

Elfrida looked as if she might cry before the enticing programme was so much as begun.

"Never mind," soothed Raddie; "we won't any of us be bear; we'll all play meat-shop-man. I'll put this board on the barrel and I'll sell you lots of nice meat. Lady, do you want some lovely horse-meat? Good to feed horses. And here's some stray-cat-meat; other kind o' cats don't like it; won't you have some, lady?"

He squeaked his voice so fine and threadlike in his efforts to dispose of his wares that it "pinched" Elfrida's ears and made her laugh.

"Hello, Laughing-at-Me-and-Spoiling-this-Play!" an Indian way he had of bestowing names to suit a person's character or actions. He shouted this in a rolling voice, at the same time putting on what his mother was compelled to call his "pirate scowl."

"Don't be mad, Raddie. Please, Mister, I want some stray-cat-meat." Elfrida squeaked her voice, too, to make the transaction more real.

But the meat-shop-man had become surly; "Can't have any," he snapped, "all sold. My mother——I mean, Mrs. Whinkyter——bought the last ton of it; but," relenting, "I got some blue-munge and some lovely ice-cream."

Elfrida didn't understand "blue-munge"; few would have recognized the delicacy by that name; she bridged the difficulty, saying patronizingly, "Your ice-cream looks temp'in'; won't you please sell me a dollar of it?"

Raddie certainly lacked the winning affability of most tradesmen; again his eye had grown cold and steely; "All sold. You ought to been earlier. This is a freight-train, now; but ladies can ride on the board if they're in a hurry. Haul-the-bo-o-oard! That's what our conductor always says. Hustle up, lady, get a wiggle; now I'll help you up, lady."

But instead of helping the lady up, the conductor tumbled off and the barrel tipped over. "There, now! All Mr. Whinkyter's pobs wasted! and the barrel 'most broke! O hello, Spoiling-Freight-Trains-and-Tipping-Over-Pobs!" The "pirate-scowl" seamed his face, clear to his bumpy and intellectual forehead. After letting the effect of this much hyphenated title sink into his cousin's soul, Raddie softened. "Well, I'll just roll the old barrel into the corner. O my, Elfrida, wouldn't it be fun to roll *in* the barrel! watch me do it."

He crawled in, feet first, and made a rapid, highly exciting journey down the space between the harness-room and the horse's empty stall, where the barrel bumped against some posts. He crawled out and rolled it up the incline.

"Let me ride in it!" cried Elfrida

"Here! you can't get in first, don't

"THERE NOW! ALL MR. WHINKYTER'S POSTS WASTED, AND THE BARREL 'MOST BROKE

you know what! I began this play."

Unless some one startled her, Elfrida was pink and white and golden, smiling and silvery-voiced; a dear little fairy of a girl, if she *was* Raddie's cousin; but now she looked not much less than cross, and she complained, "When you was to my house I let you play things first."

Raddie relented at once. "All right, Elfrida, you get in first."

After all, Elfrida hung back; "I guess I'm afraid, Raddie; you get in first."

"All right, first inners!" he warned; "I'll squeeze up smaller;" an impossible thing to do, because his tight little "knickers", his stout stockings and his wiry gingham waist, with almost not any collar at all, were every one made to fit snugly the Raddie of three months ago, who must have grown at least a few ounces in that time; but he crept in and Elfrida imitated him, though her pretty ruffles and plaits and her soft, fluffy hair gave her some trouble. Without the least warning Raddie set the barrel rolling; he neglected even to tell his cousin she would be turned round with the barrel; he had scarcely noticed the fact himself. Well, Elfrida's screams were piercing, right in Raddie's ears, first in one ear, then in the other. He kept still, partly because he was a big boy, "past half-past four years old" as he often said, and partly because Elfrida's ruffles were in his mouth. When the barrel bumped the posts he said, "Now we're here, Elfrida!" Elfrida may have discovered that already; "wasn't it fun!"

"No, not quite, Raddie; it scared me; let me out, let me go, Raddie."

"I ain't a-holding you, Elfrida. Ain't girls funny!"

"Yes, you are too, Raddie. You're pinching my hair."

"Look at here, Elfrida; here's my two hands, count 'em. Could a boy pinch hair, without no hands? You get out first, so I can get out. Those gets in last got to get out first. I made that rule."

"I can't, Raddie; my hair is tight."

Raddie tried to turn and loosen her hair from whatever was holding it,

ELFRIDA'S SCREAMS WERE PIERCING, NOW IN ONE EAR, NOW IN THE OTHER

but somehow he could not. "I'm—hitched—too," he grunted; both the children pulled and tugged, but the barrel would not let them go; they stopped to take breath. "Oh, my,"

chuckled Raddie, "wouldn't it be funny if they couldn't find us for a whole year! Then burglars could come in the night and carry us off to jail." He had an idea that jails were the strongholds whence the gentry alluded to sallied forth by night to plunder, returning at daybreak to those pleasing abodes to enjoy their booty.

"My mamma wouldn't let them," wailed Elfrida.

"Course; Mr. Whinkyter wouldn't, either; I was just pertending; you know how Alice used to pertend?"

"Alice-to-the-Looking-glass?"

"Course; ain't any other Alice. Oh, let's play we're Alice-in-the-Barrel!"

"I'd rather get out; I don't feel smoove; roll us back, Raddie."

"Don't you know barrels won't roll only but one way when people are in them? Ain't girls funny!" he apostrophized for the second time.

"Mamma!" called Elfrida in a sad and broken little voice.

"Now you're being mimsy, Elfrida; O hello, Mimsy-Mimsy!" he mocked.

"What's mimsy?" Elfrida's voice still quavered but her curiosity was ever easily aroused.

"Why, don't you 'member?" Raddie's voice became deep and full with the strengthening of his emotions; "it's in the 'Looking-glass'; 'All mimsy were the borogoves.' Maybe we're both mimsy, Elfrida; we might look like borogoves, I guess we do, all rumpled up, so; and I s'pose we could be mimsy."

"I don't want to be borogoves," protested Elfrida; "*Mamma*! Mamma!

"Mr. Whinkyter!" shouted Raddie, though he knew it was no use; his father never came home before four o'clock, except Saturdays.

"Mamma!" called both children; this time Raddie put his hands to his mouth and gave the "elephant-roar", the way he did when playing "loose elephant", rainy days in the house.

"'Sh! I thought I heard mamma," whispered Elfrida.

Raddie indulged in another elephant-roar before he listened; voices were heard. "They're in the barn!" called someone anxiously.

"I tell you, Ella, they can't possibly get in the barn; it's locked," returned someone else, equally anxiously.

"'Sh! that sounds to me like Elfrida," came from the first voice.

"It sounded to me like Raddie," came from the second voice.

"Thank goodness, they're not in the cistern, anyway."

"Now I hear them again."

"Why, Anna, I thought you said the barn was locked!"

"Mamma, mamma!" called Elfrida, ecstatically. "Mother!" roared Raddie.

"Where are you, Raddie?"

"Here, mother, in this barrel; here's your barrel of mimsy borogoves."

Raddie's mother loosened Elfrida's fluffy hair from one nail, her dainty ruffles from another and her pretty slipper from a third; "I have sometimes—thought—Ella," she remarked, carefully expunging all severity from her accents, "that you—do—dress Elfrida a *lit*-tle too fancifully for playing comfortably. There, now, dear, you're free." Then, in brisk, mother-tones, "Come, son, hop out."

"I can't get a-loose," sputtered Raddie, setting his muscles for another strain.

Aunt Ella sprang cheerfully to his assistance; she unfastened his stout sensible waist from one nail, his well-greaved knee from another and his trimly-girt ankle from a third; "Only three places caught, Anna," she explained, triumphantly but sweetly.

His mother covered her embarrassment by turning to the master-culprit; "What do you think I ought to do to you, Raddie boy, for being so careless with your dear little cousin?"

He looked around, judicially: "I fink you better ask me to put some of Mr. Whinkyter's popcorn-pobs back in this barrel."

"Let's!" cried Elfrida; "I'll help you; yes!"

"And we'll play the pobs are borogoves; yes!" shouted Raddie.

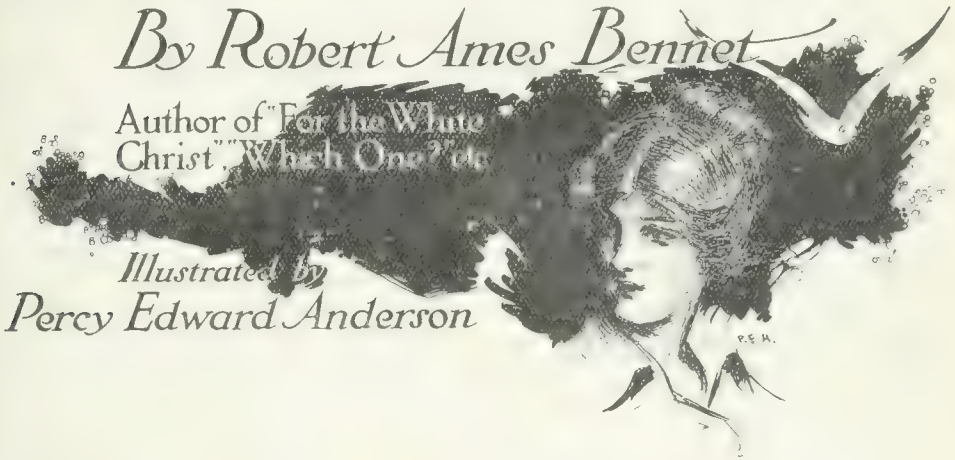
Aunt Ella laughed; "Perfectly safe for at least five minutes."

Mrs. Whinkyter shook her head, but she laughed, too.

UNWILLING EVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "Which One?" etc.



Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER I.

WAVE-TOSSED AND CASTAWAY.

THE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthrope boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthrope had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her Ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attention. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were irreproachable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding in *her*.

But, angle delicately as she would, the Englishman was deaf to all her invitations, and walked innocently past all the open doors she left for him to go through, apparently unaware of their very existence.

Notwithstanding this, Winthrope came aboard ship virtually as a member of her Ladyship's party He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort, and paid so much more attention to her than to Miss Leslie, that her Ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

That gentleman had lost little time in doing so, however. By an accident of travel, he had been at the gangway in the moment when Lady Bayrose and her charge had arrived, and his eyes had expressed a prompt admiration of Miss Leslie.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the Canadian engineer entered upon a daily routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-hand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthrope's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low bounder's impudence" served to install him in the good graces of her Ladyship as well as in the favor of the Canadian heiress.

Such, at least, was what Winthrope intimated to the persistent engineer with a superciliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confinement. It was a British ship. Behind Winthrope was Lady Bayrose; behind her Ladyship, as a matter of course,

was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the Canadian drank heavier after each successive goading.

Meantime the ship, having touched at Port Natal, steamed on up the East Coast, into the Mozambique Channel.

On the day of the cyclone, Blake had withdrawn into his stateroom with a number of bottles, and throughout that fearful afternoon was blissfully unconscious of the danger. Even when the steamer went on the reef, he was only partially roused by the shock.

He took a long pull from a quart flask of whiskey, placed the flask with great care in his hip pocket, and lurched out through the open doorway. There he reeled headlong against the mate, who had rushed below with three of the crew to bring up Miss Leslie. The mate cursed him virulently, and in the same breath ordered two of the men to fetch him up on deck.

The sea was breaking over the steamer in torrents; but between waves Blake was dragged across to the side and flung over into the bottom of the one remaining boat. He served as a cushion to break the fall of Miss Leslie, who was tossed in after him. At the same time, Winthrope, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose. One of the sailors leaped, but fell short and went down within arm's length of Miss Leslie.

She and Winthrope saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the vortex the mate and the few remaining sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spoondrift to all else but the hell of breakers and coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And through it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards, gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and swaying hammocks.

There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning stern over prow. . . . .

Half sobered Blake opened his eyes and stared solemnly about him. He was given little time to take his bearings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him down again toward the roaring sea that had cast him up.

Blake objected,—not to the danger of being drowned, but to interference with his repose. He had reached the obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. . . . . Again the flood seethed up the shore, and rolled him away from the danger. This was too much! He set his jaw, turned over, and staggered to his feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind-blasts struck his broad back and sent him spinning for yards. He brought up in a shallow pool, beside a hummock.

Under the lee of the knoll lay Winthrope and Miss Leslie. Though conscious, both were dragged and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hummock.

Blake, sitting waist-deep in the pool, blinked at them benignly with his gray-blue eyes, and produced the quart flask, still a third full of whiskey.

"I shay, fren's," he observed, "ha' one on me. Won' cos' you shent—notta re' shent!"

"You fuddled lout!" shouted Winthrope. "Come out of that pool."

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's al'ri'!"

The Englishman squinted through the driving scud at the intoxicated man with an anxious frown. In all probability he felt no commiseration for the Canadian; but it was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on the most unhealthful and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be thought of. So soon as he had drained his bottle, he would lie down, and that

would be the end of him. As any attempt to move him forcibly was out of the question the situation demanded that Winthrope justify his intimations of diplomatic training. After considering the problem for several minutes, he met it in a way that proved he was at least not lacking in shrewdness and tact.

"See here, Blake," he called, in another lull between the shrieking gusts, "the lady is fatigued. You're too much of a gentleman to ask her to come over there."

It required some moments for this to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. After a futile attempt to gain his feet, he crawled out of the pool on all fours, and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank away from him, shuddering, and drew herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs and limp garments. Winthrope however, not only accepted the flask, but came near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. She lay coiled, closer than before, in a draggled heap. Her posture suggested sleep. Blake stared at her, the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and drained out the last drop.

"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into a drunken stupor.

Winthrope, invigorated by the liquor, rose to his knees, and peered around. It was impossible to face the scud and spoondrift from the furious sea; but to leeward he caught a glimpse of a marsh flooded with salt water, its reedy vegetation beaten flat by the storm. He himself was beaten down by a terrific gust. Panting and trembling, he waited for the wind to lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet, darkness swept down with tropical suddenness and blurred out everything.

The effect of the whiskey soon passed, and Winthrope huddled between his companions, drenched and exhausted. Though he could hear Miss Leslie moaning, he was too miserable himself to inquire whether he could do anything for her.

Presently he became aware that the wind was falling. The centre of the cyclone had passed before the ship struck, and they were now in the outermost circle of the vast whirlwind. With the consciousness of this change for the better, Winthrope's fear-racked nerves relaxed, and he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

WORSE THAN WILDERNESS.

A WAIL from Miss Leslie roused the Englishman out of a dream in which he had been swimming for life across a sea of boiling oil. He sat up and gazed about him, half dazed. The cyclone had been followed by a dead calm, and the sun, already well above the horizon was blazing upon them over the glassy surfaces of the dying swells with fierce heat.

Winthrope felt about for his hat. It had been blown off when, at the striking of the steamer, he had rushed up on deck. As he remembered, he straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My—ah—dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Winthrope.

"Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast, and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should be among those presented."

"Well, I—ah—fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting—unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrope? You told me that she and the maids had been put in the largest boat—"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing,

THE EYES OF THE CANADIAN ENGINEER EXPRESSED A PROMPT
OF LADY BAYROSE, AND EARNED FROM WINTHROPE

ADMIRATION FOR MISS LESLIE, IN SPITE OF THE DISAPPROVAL
A COMMENT ON "THAT LOW BOUNDER'S IMPUDENCE"

I assure you. They were, indeed, put into the largest boat— Beastly muddle !— While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned !—drowned ! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose ! And she'd travelled so much—oh, oh, it is horrible ! Why did she persuade me to visit the Cape ? It was only to be with her— And then for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England ! Oh, it is horrible ! horrible ! And my maid, and all— It cannot be possible !"

"Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Er— Gawd has taken them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it ! To be drowned —so far from home !"

"Ah, if that's all you're worrying about !—I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a—er—groom."

"Eating ! How can you think of eating, Mr. Winthrope—and all the others drowned ? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable ! Can you not put up some kind of an awning ?"

"Well, now, I must say, I was never much of a hand at such things, and really I can't imagine what one could rig up. There might have been a bit of sail in the boat, but one can't see a sign of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at Blake. Though still lying as he had sprawled in his drunkenness, there was a comforting suggestion of power in his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still—in that condition ?"

"Must have slept it off by this time, and there's no more in the flask," answered Winthrope. Reaching over with his foot, he pushed against Blake's back.

"Huh ! All right," grunted the sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrope, half dazed. Then he stared around him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what in hell ! Say, this is damn cheerful !"

"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But I say, my man, there is a woman present, and your language you know—"

Blake turned and fixed the Englishman with a cold stare.

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he said, "there's just one thing you're going to understand, right here and now. I'm not your man, and we're not going to have any of that kind of blatter. Any fool can see we're in a tight hole, and we're like to keep company for a while—probably long as we last."

"What—ah—may I ask, do you mean by that ?"

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed from the reef-strewn sea to the vast stretches of desolate marsh. Far inland, across miles of brackish lagoons and reedy mud-flats, could be seen groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees; ten or twelve miles to the southward a rocky headland jutted out in the water; otherwise there was nothing in sight but sea and swamp. If it could not properly be termed a sea-view, it was at least a very wet landscape.

"Fine prospect," remarked Blake, dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever don't get the last of us inside a month; and as for you two, you'd have as much show of lasting a month as a toad with a rattlesnake, if it wasn't for Tom Blake,—that's my name— Tom Blake,—and as long as this shindy lasts, you're welcome to call me Tom or Blake, whichever suits. But understand, we're not going to have any more of your bally, bloomin' English condescension. Aboard ship you had the drop on me, and could pile on dog till the cows came home. Here I'm Blake, and you're Winthrope."

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite appreciate the—ah—situation. And now, I fancy that, instead of wasting time—"

"It's about time you introduced me to the lady," interrupted Blake, and he stared at them half defiantly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrope swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard ship, backed by Lady Bayrose and the captain, he had goaded the Canadian at pleasure. Now, however, the situation was reversed. Both title and authority had been swept away by the

storm, and he was left to shift for himself against the man who had every reason to hate him for his overbearing insolence. Worse still, both he and Miss Leslie were now dependent upon the Canadian, in all probability for life itself. It was a bitter pill and hard to swallow.

Blake was not slow to observe the Englishman s hesitancy. He grinned.

"Every dog has his day, and I guess this is mine," he said. "Take your time, if it comes hard. I can imagine it's a pretty stiff dose for your ludship. But why in—why in frozen hades any Canadian lady should object to an introduction to a countryman who's going to do his level best to save her pretty little self from the hyenas —well, it beats me."

Winthrope flushed redder than the girl.

"Miss Leslie, Mr. Blake," he murmured, hoping to put an end to the situation.

But yet Blake persisted. He bowed, openly exultant.

"You see, Miss," he said, "I know the correct thing quite as much as your swells. I knew all along you were Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your dear papa when he was manipulating the Q. T. Railroad, and he did me out of my pay."

"Oh, but Mr. Blake, I am sure it must be a mistake; I am sure that if it is explained to papa —"

"Yes; we'll cable papa to-night. Meantime, we've something else to do. Suppose you two get a hustle on yourselves, and scrape up something to eat. I'm going out to see what's left of that blamed old tub."

"Surely you'll not venture to swim out so far!" protested Winthrope. "I saw the steamer sink as we cast off."

"Looks like a mast sticking up out there. Maybe some of the rigging is loose."

"But the sharks! These waters swarm with the vile creatures. You must not risk your life!"

"'Cause why? If I do, the babes in the woods will be left without even the robins to cover them, poor things! But cheer up!—maybe the mud-hens will do it with lovely water-lilies."

"Please, Mr. Blake, do not be so cruel!" sobbed Miss Leslie, her tears starting afresh. "The sun makes my head ache dreadfully, and I have no hat or shade, and I'm becoming so thirsty!"

"And you think you've only to wait, and half a dozen stewards will come running with parasols and ice water. Neither you nor Winthrope seem to've got your eyes open. Just suppose you get busy and do something. Winthrope, chase yourself over the mud, and get together a mess of fish that are not too dead. Must be dozens, after the blow. As for you, Miss Jenny, I guess you can pick up some reeds, and rig a headgear out of this handkerchief— Wait a moment. Put on my coat, if you don't want to be broiled alive through the holes of that peek-a-boo."

"But I say, Blake—" began Winthrope.

"Don't say—do!" rejoined Blake; and he started down the muddy shore.

Though the tide was at flood, there was now no cyclone to drive the sea above the beach, and Blake walked a quarter of a mile before he reached the water's edge. There was little surf, and he paused only a few moments to peer out across the low swells before he commenced to strip.

Winthrope and Miss Leslie had been watching his movements; now the girl rose in a little flurry of haste, and set to gathering reeds. Winthrope would have spoken, but, seeing her embarrassment, smiled to himself, and began strolling about in search of fish.

It was no difficult search. The marshy ground was strewn with dead sea-creatures, many of which were already shrivelling and drying in the sun. Some of the fish had a familiar look, and Winthrope turned them over with the tip of his shoe. He even went so far as to stoop to pick up a large mullet; but shrank back, repulsed by its stiffness and the unnatural shape into which the sun was warping it.

He found himself near the beach, and stood for half an hour or more watching the black dot far out in the water,—all that was to be seen of Blake. The Canadian, after wading

off-shore another quarter of a mile, had reached swimming depth, and was heading out among the reefs with steady, vigorous strokes. Half a mile or so beyond him Winthrope could now make out the goal for which he was aiming,—the one remaining topmast of the steamer.

"By Jove, these waters are full of sharks !" murmured Winthrope, staring at the steadily receding dot until it disappeared behind the wall of surf which spumed up over one of the outer reefs.

A call from Miss Leslie interrupted his watch, and he hastened to rejoin her. After several failures, she had contrived to knot Blake's handkerchief to three or four reeds in the form of a little sunshade. Her shoulders were protected by Blake's coat. It made a heavy wrap, but it shut out the blistering sun-rays, which, as Blake had foreseen, had quickly begun to burn the girl's delicate skin through her open-work bodice.

Thus protected, she was fairly safe from the sun. But the sun was by no means the worst feature of the situation. While Winthrope was yet several yards distant, the girl began to complain to him. "I'm so thirsty, Mr. Winthrope! Where is there any water ? Please get me a drink at once, Mr. Winthrope!"

"But, my dear Miss Leslie, there is no water. These pools are all sea-water. I must say, I'm deuced dry myself. I can't see why that cad should go off and leave us like this, when we need him most."

"Indeed, it is a shame— Oh, I'm so thirsty ! Do you think it would help if we ate something ?"

"Make it all the worse. Besides, how could we cook anything ? All these reeds are green, or at least water-soaked."

"But Mr. Blake said to gather some fish. Had you not best—"

"He can pick up all he wants. I shall not touch the beastly things."

"Then I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for him."

"Yes, if the sharks do not get him."

Miss Leslie uttered a little moan, and Winthrope, seeing that she was on the verge of tears, hastened to reassure her. "Don't worry about him, Miss Genevieve ! He'll soon return, with nothing worse than a blistered back. Fellows of that sort are born to hang you know."

"But if he should be—if anything should happen to him !"

Winthrope shrugged his shoulders, and drew out his silver cigarette case. It was more than half full, and he was highly gratified to find that neither the cigarettes nor the vesta matches in the cover had been reached by the wet.

"By Jove, here's luck !" he exclaimed, and he bowed to Miss Leslie. "Pardon me, but if you have no objections—"

The girl nodded as a matter of form, and Winthrope hastened to light the cigarette already in his fingers. The smoke by no means tended to lessen the dryness of his monuth, yet it put him in a reflective mood, and in thinking over what he had read of shipwrecked parties, he remembered that a pebble held in the mouth is supposed to ease one's thirst.

To be sure, there was not a sign of a pebble within miles of where they sat; but after some reflection, it occurred to him that one of his steel keys might do as well. At first Miss Leslie was reluctant to try the experiment, and only the increasing dryness of her mouth forced her to seek the promised relief. Though it failed to quench her thirst, she was agreeably surprised to find that the little flat bar of metal eased her craving to a marked degree.

Winthrope now thought to rig a shade as Miss Leslie had done, out of reeds and his handkerchief, for the sun was scorching his unprotected head. Thus sheltered, the two crouched as comfortably as they could upon the half-dried crest of the hummock, and waited impatiently for the return of Blake.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORTH OF FIRE.

THOUGH the sea within the reefs was fast smoothing to a glassy plain in the dead calm, they did not see Blake on his return until he struck shallow water and stood up to wade

ashore. The tide had begun to ebb before he started landward, and though he was a powerful swimmer, the long pull against the current had so tired him that when he took to wading he moved at a tortoise-like gait.

"The bloomin' loafer!" commented Winthrope. He glanced quickly about and at sight of Miss Leslie's arching brows, hastened to add: "Beg pardon! He—ah—reminds me so much of a navvy, you know."

Miss Leslie made no reply.

At last Blake was out of the water and toiling up the muddy beach to the spot where he had left his clothes. While dressing he seemed to recover from his exertions in the water, for the moment he had finished, he sprang to his feet and came foward at a brisk pace.

As he approached, Winthrope waved his fifth cigarette at him with languid enthusiasm, and called out as heartily as his dry lips would permit: "I say, Blake, deuced glad the sharks didn't get you !"

"Sharks ?—bah ! All you have to do is to splash a little, and they haul off."

"How about the steamer, Mr. Blake?' asked Miss Leslie, turning to face him.

"All under but the maintopmast—curse it !—wire rigging at that ! Couldn't even get a bolt."

"A bolt ?"

"Not a bolt; and here we are as good as naked on this infernal— Hey, you ! what you doing with that match ? Light your cigarette—light it !—Damnation !"

Heedless of Blake's warning cry, Winthrope had struck his last vesta, and now, angry and bewildered, he stood staring while the little taper burned itself out. With an oath, Blake sprang to catch it as it dropped from between Winthrope's fingers. But he was too far away. It fell among the damp rushes, spluttered, and flared out.

For a moment Blake knelt, staring at the rushes as though stupefied; then he sprang up before Winthrope, his bronzed face purple with anger.

"Where's your match box ? Got any more ?" he demanded.

"Last one, I fancy—yes; last one, and there are still two cigarettes. But look here, Blake, I can't tolerate your talking so deucedly—"

"You idiot ! you—you— Hell ! and every one for cigarettes !"

From a growl Blake's voice burst into a roar of fury, and he sprang upon Winthrope like a wild beast. His hands closed upon the Englishman's throat, and he began to shake him about, paying no heed to the blows his victim showered upon his face and body, blows which soon began to lessen in force.

Terror-stricken, Miss Leslie put her hands over her eyes, and began to scream—the piercing shriek that will unnerve the strongest man. Blake paused as though transfixed, and as the half-suffocated Englishman struggled in his grasp, he flung him on the ground, and turned to the screaming girl.

"Stop that squawking !" he said. The girl cowered down. "So; that's better. Next time keep your mouth shut."

"You—you brute !"

"Good ! You've got a little spunk, eh ?"

"You coward—to attack a man not half your strength !"

"Steady, steady, young lady ! I'm warm enough yet; I've still half a mind to wring his fool neck."

"But why should you be so angry ? What has he done, that you—"

"Why—why ? Lord ! what hasn't he done ! This coast fairly swarms with beasts. We've not the smell of a gun; and now this idiot—this dough-head—has gone and thrown away our only chance—fire—and on his measly cigarettes !" Blake choked with returning rage.

Winthrope, still panting for breath, began to creep away, at the same time unclasping a small penknife. He was white with fear; but his gray eyes—which on shipboard Blake had never seen other than offensively supercilious—now glinted in a manner that served to alter the Canadian's mood.

"That'll do," he said. "Come here and show me that knife."

"I'll show it you where it will do the

most good," muttered Winthrope, rising hastily to repel the expected attack.

"So you've got a little sand, too," said Blake, almost good-naturedly. "Say, that's not so bad. We'll call it quits on the matches. Though how you could go and throw them away—"

"Deuce take it, man ! How should I know ? I've never before been in a wreck."

"Neither have I—this kind. But I tell you, we've got to keep our think tanks going. It's a guess if we see to-morrow, and that's no joke. Now do you wonder I got hot ?"

"Indeed, no ! I've been an ass, and here's my hand to it—if you really mean it's quits."

"It's quits all right, long as you don't run out of sand," responded Blake, and he gripped the other's soft hand until the Englishman winced. "So; that's settled. I've got a hot temper, but I don't hold grudges. Now, where're your fish ?"

"I—well, they were all spoiled."

"Spoiled ?"

"The sun had shrivelled them."

"And you call that spoiled ! We're like to eat them rotten before we're through with this picnic. How about the pools ?"

"Pools ? Do you know, Blake, I never thought of the pools. I stopped to watch you, and then we were so anxious about you—"

Blake grunted, and turned on his heel to wade into the half-drained pool in whose midst he had been deposited by the hurricane.

Two or three small fish lay faintly wriggling on the surface. As Blake splashed through the water to seize them, his foot struck against a living body which floundered violently and flashed a brilliant forked tail above the muddy water. Blake sprang over the fish, which was entangled in the reeds, and with a kick flung it clear out upon the ground.

"A coryphene !" cried Winthrope, and he ran forward to stare at the gorgeously colored prize.

"Coryphene ?" repeated Blake, following his example. "Good to eat ?"

"Fine as salmon. This is only a small one, but—"

"Fifteen pounds, if an ounce !" cried Blake, and he thrust his hand in his pocket. There was a moment's silence, and Winthrope, glancing up, saw the other staring in blank dismay.

"What's up ?" he asked.

"Lost my knife."

"When ?—in the pool ? If we felt about—"

"No; aboard ship, or in the surf—"

"Here is my knife."

"Yes; almost big enough to whittle a match ! Mine would have done us some good."

"It is the best steel."

"All right; let's see you cut up the fish."

"But you know, Blake, I shouldn't know how to go about it. I never did such a thing."

"And you, Miss Jenny ? Girls are supposed to know about cooking."

"I never cooked anything in all my life, Mr. Blake, and it's alive,—and——and I am very thirsty, Mr. Blake !"

"Lord !" commented Blake. "Give me that knife."

Though the blade was so small, the Canadian's hand was strong. After some little haggling, the coryphene was killed and dressed. Blake washed both it and his hands in the pool, and began to cut slices of flesh from the fish's tail.

"We have no fire," Winthrope reminded him, flushing at the word.

"That's true," assented Blake, in a cheerful tone, and he offered Winthrope two of the pieces of raw flesh. "Here's your breakfast. The trimmed piece is for Miss Leslie."

"But it's raw ! Really, I could not think of eating raw fish. Could you, Miss Leslie ?"

Miss Leslie shuddered. "Oh, no !—and I'm so thirsty I could not eat anything."

"You bet you can !" replied Blake. "Both of you take that fish, and go to chewing. It's the stuff to ease your thirst while we look for water. Good Lord !—in a week you'll be glad to eat raw snake. Finnicky over clean fish, when you swallow canvas-back all but raw, and beef running blood, and raw oysters with their stomachs full of disintegrated animal matter, to put it

politely! You couldn't tell rattlesnake broth from chicken, and dog makes first-rate veal—when you've got to eat it. I've had it straight from them that know, that over in France they eat snails and fish-worms. It's all a matter of custom or the style."

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrope.

"Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokio. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's a hundred to one we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the look of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrope promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed— Say, what's become of that whiskey flask? Have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her draggled white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em right over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other, and wrenched off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrope, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrope held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter, and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrow-heads, if we can get fire."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages,—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing's the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whiskey flask into his hip pocket, and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the coryphene.

"All ready now," he called. "Let's

get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrope. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake ?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot ?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another souse."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool, he slung the coryphene on his back, and started off without further words.

CHAPTER IV.

A JOURNEY IN DESOLATION.

MORNING was well advanced, and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphene flesh.

In a temperate climate, ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze, Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrope, for the Canadian was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that ?" demanded Blake. "We're not half-way yet !"

Winthrope did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell !" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassiety girls !"

Though he spoke to himself, the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed, and would have risen had not Winthrope put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on, and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie ?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go, and leave me here ! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man ! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl ?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order jugged me for the winter, 'cause I didn't have a job, and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only sixteen and the other seventeen. Talk about helpless young girls— Damnation !"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in the curse, for when he again spoke, there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrope couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long's it's the only way, don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrope, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrope.

"Well, we've got to get to water, or die; and as the lady can't walk, she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No ! I am not—I am not ! I'd sooner die !"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough, later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrope, to help her up. Do you hear ?. Take the knife and fish, and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrope nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders, and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad-surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrope, though burdened only with the half-eaten coryphene, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jeering at his tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll, and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging, the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were now so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then, taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause though his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrope was no longer following them. For the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold, and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirtsleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke ?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke ? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him !"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell ! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake ! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud ?—bah ! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear !" she moaned; "what have I done, to be so treated ? Such a brute, oh, dear !—and I am so thirsty !"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her, and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping, she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat, she soon found herself falter-

ing. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes, she glanced around, and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew, Blake was splashing her head and face with blackish water out of the whiskey flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it !" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together, and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrope—?"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wrenched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and assisted by Blake managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrope upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrope held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct beat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman, and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream, and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm, and dragged her forward with a rush, in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another hundred yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope, and dropping upon his knees, plunged his head into the water.

At first his throat was so dry that he could no more than rinse his mouth. With the first swallow, his swollen tongue mocked him with the salt, bitter taste of sea-water. The tide was flowing ! He rose, sputtering and choking and gasping. He stared around. There was no question that he was on the bank of a river and would be certain of fresh water with the ebb tide. But could he endure the agony of his thirst all those hours ?

He thought of his companions.

"Good God !" he groaned, "they're goners anyway !"

He stared dully up the river at the thousands of waterfowl which lined its banks. Within close view were herons and black ibises, geese, pelicans, flamingoes, and a dozen other species of birds of which he did not know the names. But he sat as though in a stupor, and did not move even when one of the driftwood logs on a mud-shoal a few yards up-stream opened an enormous mouth and displayed two rows of hooked fangs. It was otherwise when the noontime stillness was broken by a violent splashing and loud snortings down-stream. He glanced about, and saw six or eight monstrous heads drifting towards him with the tide.

"What in — Whee ! a whole herd of hippos !" he muttered. "That's what the holes mean."

To be continued

The Canadian Government Plays Pied Piper

AT THE PRESENT RATE OF INCREASE, IT WILL DOUBTLESS NOT BE LONG BEFORE PROFESSIONAL RAT-CATCHERS WITH TRAINED FERRETS WILL GO ABOUT RIDDING HOUSES AND FARMS OF RATS AT SO MUCH PER HEAD

By Felix Koch

Illustrated from Photographs

HIS Britannic Majesty's Government in the Dominion of Canada is up in arms against the rat, and the Honorable Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Manitoba is playing the role of a second Pied Piper, in order to rid the region of rats.

In the words of an official report from the center of trouble, there is an area ninety miles long abutting the United States in its northern frontier, and sixty miles wide, in which the rats have made their appearance, and the Deputy Minister estimates that the damage done this year by the brown rat is over a million dollars. What is more, it will increase proportionately unless the people awake to the seriousness of the situation and stamp out the pest.

According to the report of the government inspectors, the rats in the province move in a radius of fifteen miles each year. As long as two years ago the Department produced a virus that

it was thought would eliminate the pest. There was quite a considerable amount of interest at first, and many applications were made for the virus. Thousands of rats were destroyed by its use. But, by and by, the public interest lagged, and now no systematic method seems to be followed.

At Gretna, however, Mr. J. J. Golden, then Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and His Majesty's Pied Piper, conducted some interesting experiments last year in order to determine the amount of food a rat would consume per day, and, at the same time to test the virus.

A number of rats were caught alive in the traps and fed, and, while the amount of food consumed varied, Mr. Golden demonstrated beyond peradventure of a doubt the efficacy of the virus in the following manner:—

Two rats were caught and one of them received an injection of the virus. Within two days it died: while the other rat, not having been provided with food, proceeded to devour its dead comrade. Within twenty-four hours it had consumed all of the dead rat, with the exception of half an inch of the tail, and it succumbed, within a few hours, to the poison which had been injected into the other rat.

Among other interesting experiments, Golden found that the rats, while at present confining themselves to the cities and towns, made frequent visits into the fields and destroyed quantities of grain. Along the southern border of Manitoba corn is raised to a certain extent, and this spring a farmer found sixteen rats in a shock of corn, which demonstrated that this colony had lived in this particular place throughout the long cold winter, and had fed upon the grain and the corn-stalks.

Just how Canada will continue to fight the rat it will be interesting to watch. Probably here, as in the English cities, professional rat-catchers, with trained ferrets in leash, will go from house to house, and farm to farm, ridding your place of rats, at so much the job. The rats will be hors de combat and the property of their captors, who may find some use for the accumulated skins.

Or again they might imitate, in each community, the example of some Ohio farmers, who not long since held what was, without doubt, the queerest hunt ever held in America.

As matter of fact, this chase would have been funny, if it hadn't likewise been practical. There was all the need of skill that the best of hunts prescribes in it, for you and I are wont, again and again, to use the simile, as sly as a rat, aren't we ?—and here the hunt was of rats alone.

The site was at Brush Ridge. The Brush Ridge country may be inferred from its name. In Indian times the brush thereabouts was so thick that the folk couldn't see a hundred yards ahead. The ridge is a part of the watershed between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, lying in Marion County, between Toledo and Columbus at an elevation of about 1,000 feet over the sea. The soil is rich and supports prosperous farmers.

There came to them, even as to the farm-folk of Egypt, a plague. In this case the plague was of rats, and they swarmed into barns and cribs and outbuildings, they overran the corn-shocks and they wrought their damage everywhere. Hundreds of bushels of grain were devoured.

Rats burrowed into the foundations of the buildings and gnawed through roofs and partitions. It seemed utterly impossible to get rid of them.

Of course the farmer folk tried poison, and they experimented with cats and dogs and traps, but to no avail.

By and by two Nimrods of the country-side, Edward Campbell and Edward Baer by name, resolved to organize a hunt. The farmers were divided into two armies, thirty-three men apiece, and each with one of the two organizers of the affair for captain.

There was to be a six-weeks' war, and to the victor should go a banquet at the expense of the other. It was stipulated that the cost of this fete should not be more nor less than fifty cents the head. The tails of the rats slain should be kept and counted. One William Hero was appointed to keep score, as well as to hold the stake

money. Then, just before the supper, the victors should receive back their own money-contributions.

On the first of November the hunt began. The Campbellites used ferrets to drive out the rats. The other side secured the use of four famous dogs of the region.

Everything was fair in this war, and if one side could steal the tails from the other, without being caught, there was no objection by the judges. Also, floors, digging out burrows and the like. Then, as fast as the rats came out, men and boys would proceed to kill them.

On the Brown farm there are three large barns, as well as a granary and a tool-house, and in this the rats were legion. Thirty-two of the Baer-ites were deployed to this place, and it took all of them to free it of the vermin. All in all, thanks to assistance from the dogs, five hundred and twenty-six rats were killed here.

THE HUNTERS LAID REGULAR SIEGE TO PLACES WHERE RATS WERE KNOWN TO BE SOME WORKING INSIDE, AND OTHERS WAITING OUTSIDE WITH THE DOGS
526 RATS BEING KILLED AT ONE FARM

if one or the other could impanel outsiders to help, well and good, for the prime object was to get rid of the rats.

Daily for over a six-weeks' term, the combatants marshalled to the slaughter. There were men and boys and dogs joining to meet at some rendezvous. The captains then chose the particular farm to be used as battle-ground. Barns and outbuildings were blockaded, some of the hunters taking their places on the outside prepared to kill the rats as these came out. The others invaded the interior, proceeding to take up the

Enthusiasm, rivalry and fun combined in the rat-hunt. Now and then a dog-fight helped liven things up a trifle. Farmers passed apples and cigars and there was a good time before they quitted one place for the next farm.

Sometimes the armies were divided into companies of four, six or ten, and from houses to corn-fields they passed, the dogs locating the rats in the corn-shocks. The farmers then proceeded to upset the shock and the dogs went for the rats. In a single shock often

as many as eight rats were killed. In one instance fourteen little rats were discovered in a shock.

Sometimes, too, rats were found to have burrowed into the ground beneath the corn-shock, leaving a mound a foot in height.

In the long run, however, the Campbellites lost the hunt, and this by depending on the ferrets rather than the dogs, the former proving far the slower. There was much fun, nevertheless, with these ferrets. Two of them would attack a rat, starting a fight and then cutting the rodent's throat as with a razor.

Once the end of the hunt had come, only Hero knew just how the sides stood. There were one hundred and forty-eight people engaged in all, and there wasn't room for the crowd in one home, so some were deployed to the school, for the feast that was held.

After the meal the scores were read and it was shown that, all in all, 6,610 rats were killed, of which number the Baer-ites had slain 4,313.

ON THE OULD CURRAGH ROAD

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

'TIS white, white break the rollers on the rocky coast of Erin,
And gaily smile the fisher huts along her yellow shore;
And, oh, the grey-gull soars aloft to show the coat he's wearin'
Where Moira sang among the nets upon the wave wet floor,
In that springtime, oh, that springtime
When me heart was bent on rovin'
When it should have stayed a-lovin'
On the ould Curragh road.

'Tis little sense the sea-born lad can boast when he's a striplin',
'Tis many maids the whipster meets and holds each colleen dear;
But now I'm hearin' ever in the drop of water ripplin'
The laughter tumblin' in her throat and, oh, 'tis late to hear;
But 'twas sweeter, oh, 'twas sweeter
Than the lilt of lark or linnet
For it seems that heaven was in it
On the ould Curragh road!

'Tis dark, dark falls the gloamin' on the crags and spray capped meadows,
But blacker was that bitter night that lured me love from me;
And, oh, the winds run seekin' her among the dunes and shadows
Bewailing in their anguish with the lonely sobbin' sea;
And they're moanin', oh, they're moaning
But me still lass sleeps unheedin'
Where me crushed heart lies-a-bleedin'
On the ould Curragh road!

My Elderly Lover

By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Julia McCarthy

WE went to look at the house. The house suited us, and there not being any tiresome masculine will to keep us in a state of doubt, by suggestions of leaky roofs, or smoky chimneys, or any other pretext for shilly-shallying, we took the house that very morning for five months, and before nightfall were established therein with our belongings, namely, three trunks, a box of books, an ancient brown thrush, and old Hannah, who had formerly been my nurse, and was now our housekeeper and autocrat generally.

It was a little village nestled in the shadow of the Catskills. When the sun went down, we were sitting in our parlor, over a quiet cup of tea; and Tim, the bird, singing in the window as loudly as if he wished to prove to the hosts of robins in the garden how little their melodies were worth compared to those of a thrush, that had been properly educated among hand-organs and humans.

Aunt Marjorie was the dearest old-maid relative that ever anybody owned. Naturally, to the wisdom of not quite eighteen years, like mine, she seemed very ancient; but I have since decided that thirty-eight was not exactly the age of Methuselah, though it appeared so then. She was a pretty woman, too, only rather pale; and her brown eyes had an absent, cold look, as eyes do that have never been lighted up by the dreams which youth ought to know. Aunt Marjorie considered herself an elderly woman, and was willing so to do, though she looked a great deal younger, in her sober-colored gowns, than many an old frump, going about with bare elbows, like a new sort of writing implement, and displaying as many bones in her neck as a whole family of skeletons ought to possess.

There was an odd thing about aunt Marjorie—she had never been in love. I might not have believed another woman who told me such a thing of herself; but aunt Marjorie's word was to be taken without salt. I used to pity her exceedingly for having missed that experience. I had been in love half a dozen times, at least, and liked it very much; and I always felt that she had been outrageously cheated by the old jade, Destiny. But Marjorie never pitied herself, and seemed very well satisfied to take life as it came. To be sure, she had never had much time, until lately, to wonder and lament, for from the day she was sixteen she had always been living for somebody else, as hard as she could live. She had had an invalid mother, and a brother with a broken back, and as soon as they died, more distressed relatives came along, and after the others were comfortably under the sod, she had me to take care of, my parents having got rid of the responsibility by dying, too. A weary handful Hannah says I was—as far back as my memory serves, I am obliged to confess that she tells the truth.

So now I was grown up. I was past seventeen, and we still lived together; but aunt Marjorie had been cheated out of her season for love-dreams and nonsense. Each time I was newly in love—how often that had been within

the last two years I will not try to count,—I pitied her more and more, and was excessively patronizing, and told long stories for her edification; and she was always the most charming confidant in the world.

But I don't seem to get to the point. I wanted to tell you of myself, and I am all the while gossiping about the love passages that my aunt did not have. I'll try it again.

My name is Emily Vane, but there is nothing of the weather-cock about me. I change my mind frequently, but I always have a good reason for it. Aunt Marjorie's name was Vane, too, as was right and proper, since she was my father's sister. I used to wonder what she thought about, as she never had any love affairs; and how could novels and poetry interest her, since she could never comprehend their mysteries? And now she never would; Fate had cheated her; she was thirty-eight years old. Oh! a dreadful age! There was nothing for her to do but stand aside and see me live my romance out. I was very magnanimous; I told her all about my loves, and my plans, and the novel life I meant to experience—and she was always interested. Sometimes, in thinking over our conversations, I would be astonished to discover that she had guided me by her judgment, for all she knew nothing about such things, and I was so wonderfully wise.

But here I go again, wandering like a weak-minded wind; and all I meant to tell about was my life that summer, beginning with the day we settled down at Clover Cottage, as contentedly as if we had been the little pigs in the old story. I am sorry, for the sake of my comparison, that pigs were the animals spoken of; but let that go!

After tea, aunt Marjorie went up to her room to put her things in order, but I felt too indolent for any such exertion, so I slipped out into the garden, and wandered through the orchard at the back of the house, and was delighted with everything I saw. Finally, I sat down under the apple-trees, and looked at the beautiful landscape spread out below; the narrow valley shut in by the towering hills; a lovely river in the distance; and a soft purple haze gathering about that made it like an enchanted scene.

I was imagining a wonderful picture, which I meant to paint some day, and a beautiful poem that I intended to write, and a symphony that I would compose, and all sorts of exalted fancies when there was a noise as if the world had come to an end, and the orchard wall fallen in the crash; and, worse than all, the bark of a great dog, which was not to be borne with equanimity, if instant death in the general dissolution of the universe was.

Clatter—bang; dog barking again. I was just ready to run, when I heard a man's voice exclaim,

"The deuce!"

Then I stood still; I was so angry at the idea of having my privacy thus invaded, that I forgot my fears. I just took time to remember that it was like a bit out of a sensation novel; then I called boldly,

"Who's there?" and stood ready to run if the dog barked again.

"Be quiet, Nero," I heard the male voice command—and it was a very deep, musical voice; so I thought I would make another point in the novel by stepping out from my covert and confronting the youth. I remember distinctly deciding that he had blue eyes and golden hair—for my last hero was swarthy as a corsair, and the female mind requires variety.

More muttered words; strangled growls from the dog; then, in a tragic voice I cried,

"Who comes? Speak, I say."

I thought that sounded more like a melodrama than it did like "Cometh up as a Flower," or one of Annie Thomas' novels, and I was annoyed at myself. I tried to think of something witty and annihilating to say, but I couldn't; so out I stepped, and tripped over a blackberry-vine, and nearly fell on my nose; and the big bark boomed out again; and instead of saying anything, I squealed like a guinea pig—and the nasty vine tore a hole in one of my stockings.

When I recovered my equilibrium, I found myself face to face with a great Newfoundland dog, with his

mouth open in stupid wonder, and a tall man, who had his mouth open in astonishment. But away went my romance. The hero was, at least, forty, his face did not look old, but his hair was a little gray, though it did curl.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he. "I had no idea there was anybody here! I live in the next house, and am in the habit of going through the orchard on my way down the hill."

The blackberry-vine was scratching my legs; I was conscious that my dress was showing my torn hose; so all I could do was to grin idiotically and say,

"Yes."

"I fell in getting over the wall," pursued the stranger, "and Nero fell over me. I hope I didn't frighten you."

I only grinned idiotically once more and this time I said,

"No."

Then the nasty, old, gray-haired wretch bowed, and whistled to his dog, and said,

"If you will permit, I will trespass this time, but I promise to prove a more civil neighbor in future."

Through the orchard he went, leaped over the wall, and disappeared down the hill. I looked at my stockings. As I expected, they were dreadfully torn. I bounced into the house, and was cross as a bear all the evening, and alarmed aunt Marjorie by informing her that we had a horrid old white-haired man for a neighbor, who was either a madman, or a burglar, and I rather thought both. But Hannah happened to hear me, and with her usual impertinence spoke up,

"No, indeed, Miss Emily; the new girl was telling me about him. He's a Mr. Cromlin, and comes here every summer; she says he's a proper nice man."

I looked in a very dignified way at Hannah, but Hannah was not in the least subdued.

"You've torn your dress," said she; "what a careless child you be! I declare, Miss Emily, you ought to leave off jumping about so—you're a'most grown up now."

I should have been glad to wave Hannah out of the room with a gesture of command; but as I knew it would only result in her telling me "not to be silly," I walked away with great dignity, and heard her confide to aunt Marjorie,

"Em'ly'll always be a baby—it's the way with short girls."

Now my height was a tender point with me, and I was more angry than ever, and consoled myself by getting up a respectable hatred for the man, who had been the means of bringing such varied and unendurable humiliations upon me.

Would anybody believe a creature could have such ill-luck, and be so tormented! The very next day, old Judge Boker, who was staying in the village, came out to call on us, and brought that detestable Cromlin man in with him; and when I went down into the parlor, there he was; and when aunt Marjorie introduced us, he said unconcernedly,

"I hope you have forgiven the fright I gave you last night."

I looked daggers at him, and answered with a drawl,

"I don't remember! Oh, yes! now I do. You were with the big dog."

Then I didn't talk to him any more, only to speak when he addressed me; and, in spite of my dignity, he would do that as often as he pleased. The old judge seemed mightily amused at my answers; but aunt Marjorie once or twice looked a little grave, though, of course, I did not mean to be taught how to treat a man by an old maid who never had a love affair, when I had been engaged three times. It wasn't reasonable, and for awhile I was inclined to think that aunty was getting like the old cats in books, who hate their young lady relatives; but I got over that, and was somewhat ashamed of having indulged the fancy.

That was the first visit Mr. Cromlin paid us, but it was by no means the last. Indeed, I may say that he rushed along toward an intimate acquaintance as rapidly as he could, by all the devices that would suggest themselves to the natural clumsiness of the masculine mind. It took me some time to get over the dislike,

which the manner of our first meeting had naturally given me; but I did gradually, and he seemed quite grateful, as was right and proper. If there had been anybody goose enough to chant his praises incessantly, I dare say I should have hated him to the end of the chapter; but that was not aunt Marjorie's way, and old Hannah, having a deep-rooted aversion to everything masculine, never exhausted greater commendation upon him than to say "that he was well enough for a man," and that only when he presented her with early vegetables from his hot-bed, or made himself agreeable in some equally tangible fashion.

I told aunt Marjorie, at first, that I could not abide him; but she did not attempt to argue me out of my dislike.

"He seems inclined to be very polite and friendly," she said, "so I don't think you ought to allow him to see that you are prejudiced against him. We need not accept his invitations to drive and walk, unless you choose."

Of course, as she did not force him on me, I could see that it was my duty not to be rude, and gradually we grew very good friends. He really was not old-looking after all, I discovered, though his hair did show a little gray, but he was so tall and handsome that I got over thinking of him as elderly.

Matters went on beautifully for as much as six weeks, which is a long time for a woman to agree with any man. But after that I began to have my own little scruples and troubles, though for awhile I kept them even from aunt Marjorie. Of course, you know what was the matter. At least, you do if you are a young woman, and can sympathize with me. That stupid man was doing what all his stupid sex will —getting in love. Oh, dear me! after the first light broke on me, and I could think the matter over, it was useless to employ the participle, as if it were a business just begun and not near a consummation, the silly creature had fallen over head and ears into the most tremendous sort of insanity. It was so foolish of him. At first I was so much vexed with his folly, that I could not even be sorry; but after a little, I reasoned myself into a better state of mind, and could, at least, feel pity. Of course, there was no possibility of my going beyond that: the idea was too absurd. Why, if he stopped to think, or had any faculty of the sort left, he must perceive it himself.

I meditated a great deal about the matter, and tried very hard to find out what it was best for me to do. It seemed only cruelty to show him by a sudden and decided change of manner, that I had discovered his secret. If he had been twenty-five, I should not have hesitated to do that; but I had read in so many novels, what a serious thing love is to a man who is getting toward middle-age, that I was frightened at the idea of doing anything which might make him desperate. But it was very foolish of him; I could not help saying that, though I was so sorry. I declare, I could not sleep a wink that night for thinking about it, so I sat up and read the last volume of a new novel; and how I did cry over it, for in a sort of way it was a parallel case to mine, only the heroine married the man out of pity! I did wonder a little whether I ought to do that; but as I was always able to look at every side of a subject, I could see that such weakness would be fatal to him and me. My wretchedness would only make him more miserable; so, when I decided that he must be refused, I really felt I was doing a heroic thing in not snatching at martyrdom, as so many girls would have done, who had not my ability to take in every bearing of a subject presented for serious consideration.

Luckily, the next day, Mr. Cromlin was absent, so I had time fully to study my line of conduct, and be able to preserve my usual manner toward him. I decided that would be best. All I could do was to prevent his speaking out as long as I could possibly prevent it. Of course, the denouement must come at last; but if I could defer it till near the time of our departure, it would make matters much pleasanter for all parties.

Well, he returned, and he was in such an ecstatic state when he came to the house, that I was really afraid

THERE SAT AUNT MARJORIE, LOOKING SO PALE AND DREARY. "COME DOWN," SAID I. . . . "THAT LORD HANDSOME CROMLIN WANTS TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU, AND I'VE PROMISED —THAT HE SHALL HAVE HIS CHANCE."

aunt Marjorie would discover his secret. I did wish that it was possible for me to whisper a warning word to him, for his own sake. He was very kind and delightfully attentive; in spite of my troubled mind, I could not help enjoying the amusements he was always providing for us. Nothing looked better than his courtesy to aunt Marjorie; I could see that it was altogether on my account; but it was very nice of him. Actually, if she had

been a young lady, he could not have appeared more pleased with her society, and it was wonderful how well he hid the restlessness I knew he felt. I could hear him laughing and talking, till it made my heart ache to think what hollow mockery it was, and how like a novel, only much more thrilling and dramatic. At last I used to dread being left alone with him, for I knew that he would not be able to control himself much longer; that the secret which was on his lips would burst out in spite of his control, and I should have to make him unutterably wretched, and I never was one of your hard-hearted girls that delight in giving pain.

One evening, we had been out to walk, and met several young people from the village; and that foolish fellow turned crusty because I talked with Dr. Glesson, and made a pretence of devoting himself to aunt Marjorie; but, dear me, it was such a wretched pretence. I could see that he was just as miserable and jealous as he could be.

Then people came in and staid awhile, but aunty had a headache, and went away to her room, and I sat in mortal dread that Mr. Cromlin would not go with the others. I felt a sort of presentiment that he would stay and do something foolish, and I was as correct as if I had been clairvoyant, and could read his mind like a book.

The others went and he staid. I felt myself begin to tremble from head to foot, but I remembered that if he did speak, it was my duty to end the matter then and there; and I must be firm, however much his suffering pained me. I chatted and laughed like a crazy thing, I was so nervous, but he sat grave and solemn as a statue, and that made me worse still. But it was more unendurable when he began to talk, for it was plain what an effort he made to speak of ordinary things; so I flew off to the piano and began—played all sorts of bits from Barbe Bleue—anything to keep him quiet. At last I looked up and there he stood by me, looking as pale as a ghost, with such anxious eyes.

"Miss Emily," he said, and his voice trembled a little, "I wish you would listen to me for a moment."

It was coming. Oh, dear, if he only wouldn't! I tried to laugh, and ran my fingers down the keys.

"What a solemn tone," said I, though it was very hard work to speak playfully; and I felt like an actress doing comedy, when she has a dreadful tragedy hidden in her real life. "Couldn't possibly listen, when you talk like that, and look like your own tomb-stone."

"Be good-natured, and don't mind my looks," said he; "I am too much in earnest to attempt further concealment."

"But I do mind," I answered, trying to gain a little more time. "I can't bear solemnity—it worries my nerves."

"But this need not worry you," said he.

For half a second, I was vexed. Had he so much masculine conceit, that, in spite of my caution, he really supposed he had only to speak to make me willing to listen? Then I thought that could not be, and I did not snub him, but I could not hear him talk then; I had got too nervous, and I wanted to be perfectly composed, so that even while I told him how hopeless his dream was, I might assure him of my friendship and sympathy, and calm his distress by my wisdom and sensible advice.

I rose from the piano and said,

"Bless me, it is dreadfully late! You must not stay another minute."

"Just listen——"

"No, no," I interrupted, putting my fingers in my ears; "not a word—the clock has struck eleven, and I am always deaf as a post after that."

He looked vexed, so I was less sorry for him.

"I did not think you would treat me like this, when you see how much in earnest I am," he said.

"Now don't be cross," I ordered, "else I'll treat you worse. I'll show you how wicked I can be. I'll listen, then, I promise; and I'm sure it is very good of me——"

"Yes, and I thank you," he put in, before I could finish.

"But not to-night," said I; "if it was

only to punish you for interrupting me."

"But——"

"Now be good, and don't tease me," I urged. "I will listen—indeed, I will, though I wish you wouldn't tell me anything solemn. Oh ! it would be so much better if you would not—so much better."

"What do you mean ?" he asked, sternly.

"I didn't mean to say that, at all events," said I, getting a little confused. "Now please go at once; Hannah will want to shut up the house."

"But Hannah says you will always do as you please," returned he, smiling.

"But I mean to be good; I've turned over a new leaf, and Hannah is cross for a week if I keep her up; besides, aunt Marjorie has a headache, and I ought to go to her; please let me go."

"I was forgetting that," he said, evidently remorseful. "Indeed, I should not have stayed."

Now that was very nice of him, and spoke volumes for his amiable disposition !

' Good-night," said I, kindly. "Remember, we are always friends."

"Friends ? Yes, I hope so—I have need to hope so."

His voice shook again, and he held my hand so tight that I was sorry I had given it to him; but he restrained himself, and added gently,

"Say good-night for me to Miss Vane. I wish her pleasant dreams."

He went away without a word, and I flew up stairs, so nervous and excited that I did not quite know what I was about. Aunty was in bed. I could see her face looking pale in the moonlight, but she said her head was better.

"Mr. Cromlin has just gone ?" she said.

"Yes," said I, and gave her his message; then, all of a sudden, I broke down, and began to laugh and cry at once.

Aunty was so frightened by my absurdity, that she turned as white as a ghost, and begged me to tell her what was the matter. So out it came, though I had meant to keep his secret. I told her what I was afraid of, and how hard I had tried to keep the man from rushing on to a disappointment; and she listened in the most attentive way, in spite of her headache, which I knew was dreadful, by the look in her eyes. She said very little, but advised me to go to bed and sleep, and forget all about it.

"But I'm very unhappy," said I. "You are, aunty—you are growing elderly, and have your feelings under proper control; but I am so impulsive, and it makes me wretched to think of bringing misery on anybody."

"Yes," she answered, shading her eyes with her hands, "I am growing elderly —you are right."

She added some words that I did not catch; but when I asked her what she had said, she only replied,

"My head aches so that I can't remember. Go to bed, dear girl. God bless you !"

I was quite touched by her kindness, for her voice sounded full of tears; and I knew that she pitied me for being placed in such a distressing position. I offered to sit by her and bathe her head, but she would not permit it, and hurried me away, she was so anxious that I should not be any more troubled, dear old thing !

I went to bed, but I did not expect to sleep a wink, and I am sure I don't know how it happened that I did; but I was lost the moment my head touched the pillow, and I never woke till Hannah thumped, like the Day of Judgment, at my door next morning.

Aunty was not down to breakfast. Her head was so bad that she had told Hannah not to let me come in, because she was in hopes to sleep; after that she should be quite herself again. I had a dreadfully lonesome day, and was in mortal fear, each moment, that Cromlin would appear; but he did not; and in the afternoon Hannah told me that she had seen him drive toward the village.

Aunt Marjorie came down to tea, but went back to her room again; so I started out for a walk, in hopes to avoid Mr. Cromlin. I went through the orchard, and met him face to face.

He looked so troubled and dazed, that I could have cried, and I began to think that this state of things could

not go on. I must have peace. If he would be silly he must, and I would end the matter.

"I was just coming to your house," said he. "I have been busy all day, in the village, about some confounded land I own."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of your possessions," said I. "Property is a good thing."

"Yes," returned he; "and just now I am more thankful for having it than ever."

I knew what he meant. I could not be silent, for fear he should misinterpret it, so I said in a rather frozen way,

"Indeed !"

"Yes," he went on, quickly. "I think you know why. You must have seen the truth, for I am a very poor dissembler—you have seen ?"

"There are truths one does not wish to see," said I, speaking as sternly as I could, for I wanted him, from the outset, to understand what his fate must be.

"I don't know what you mean," he answered, "and I can't stop now to ask." And then he went on, before I could utter a word.

"Miss Emily," he said, directly, "I must speak ! I am a coward, an elderly fool; but I could not go to Marjorie first. She has avoided me lately, treated me with so much reserve that I got afraid ! Oh ! be frank with me—tell me if you believe there is any hope ? I have been sure, for some time past, that you had discovered my secret, and I believed you would be my friend. Shall I speak ? Is there any hope ? If I were younger, I might bear the disappointment better; but falling in love is a serious business, when a man gets to be forty."

I did not know what to say—I was so sorry for him. He did not give me much time. Presently he cried out in a violent way,

"Tell me the truth. Your silence is like a confirmation of my fears. Do you believe there is any chance for me —that Marjorie could be brought to care for me ? Oh, Emily, child ! I would be so good to her—I would try to make her happy !"

The trees went round, the sky came down. I felt as if I had fallen out of a balloon. What an idiot I had been ! He was talking still—my thoughts came like lightning. I understood everything, even to aunt Marjorie's odd manner the night before. I could have beaten my brains out for a fool's, but furious as I was with myself I could be glad.

"Come into the house," said I, and pulled him along without another word.

Upstairs I dashed into aunty's room. There she sat, looking pale and troubled but so pretty. It dawned upon me at last that she was not a female Methuselah.

"Come down," said I.

"What for ?" she asked, drearily.

I began to laugh and to cry. I had been an awful fool, but I meant to keep it to myself, and I made up my mind to lie a little.

"There's a man there wants to ask you a question," I said. "Oh, you dear goose ! didn't you know I was trying to pump you last night ? That long, handsome Cromlin wants to make love to you, and I have promised that he shall have the chance."

I fairly dragged her down stairs into the parlor. Then I retreated, and only heard Mr. Cromlin exclaim,

"Marjorie !"

But the voice was enough.

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith. Smith is tried for complicity in the Riel plot. Edith proves that he was with her at the time of the attempted escape, and by bringing the doctor and Larry Devine to the trial, also proves that Caron instead was the guilty man. Smith is transferred to Fort McLeod, where he becomes a corporal, and in the spring of the year a horse-breaker, called "Tobacco" Brown, comes to the fort to break the new remounts. He suspects Smith of being the man he is after for the abduction of his daughter, but learns that instead it is Jackson whom he is seeking, and comments on the resemblance of the two men. Shortly thereafter, a party from Fort McLeod, including Smith and Brown, go out to round up two young Indian outlaws, and come upon them just as they have shot Major Jackson. Smith goes out to bring in Jackson's body, and is himself wounded. The Indians are captured, and Jackson, returning to consciousness, recognizes in Brown the war correspondent, George Brown Wheelock.

CHAPTER XII.

In a ward of the Police Hospital at MacLeod, Major Jackson, the hero of a hundred fights from Burmah to the Arctic, lay dying at the the hands of cattle-thief, Bad Young Man.

"Rather a poisoned-rat sort of ending, doctor," he had commented when the impossibility of recovery had been told him. "I'd rather have had it otherwise; but it's kismet, I suppose. By the way, will you ask that chap Wheelock to come in to see me? I've a message to give him."

The doctor nodded, and went away,

thinking Jackson a hard customer; and presently George Brown Wheelock, as we must now call him, stood beside the officer's cot, looking down on the man he had so lately bitterly hated. He was balked of his revenge by another hand, but, although no word had been spoken, he had begun to doubt that this man had done him the injury he ascribed to him. The dying man's first words deepened his doubt.

"Wheelock," said Jackson, trying to raise himself on his pillow, "I don't know how you happened to turn up here just now, but it's a bit of luck for me. You've been my friend more than once—and I haven't had so many friends that I forget one of them. Once before, when I thought I was dying, I gave you some letters and papers which, after my death, may do justice to some that I never did justice to while I was alive. Will you take that trust for me again ?"

But Wheelock hesitated, and an uneasy color mounted to his high cheek-bones.

"Look here, Jackson," he began, after a pause, "I'll tell you frankly, I followed you to this place with the intention of shooting you at sight. What have you done with Edith ?"

"Edith ?" said the major, staring. "I don't know what you mean."

Suspicion lighted afresh in Wheelock's eyes. "Oh, yes, you do," he said acidly. "You sailed with her on the Fragonia, and I have never heard a word from her since. God knows I've been a poor guardian, and left her too much alone, but I know her character well enough to know that she would never have left home unless you had urged her."

The sick man stared at him stupidly.

"The Fragonia ?" he said blankly. "Edith—and I ? Do you mean to say that you don't know where she is ?"

"Do you ?"

"Certainly."

"I thought so," snapped Wheelock. "Where is she, then ?"

"A month ago she was at Regina, the guest of Major Barton and his daughter Alice—her school chum in England, you know."

"With the Bartons ? But he is an officer in the English army."

"He *was*, you mean. For over a year he has been with the Mounted Police, and Edith is staying with his family. I didn't know she was there until I came down from the north last August, and I certainly never suspected you didn't know where she was. Did you imagine——"

Wheelock nodded. "Yes. I believed that you had done both her and me a great wrong."

"You certainly paid me a compliment," said Jackson, wearily. "I've been nothing to boast of as morals go, but I've never done that. If you ask her, you'll find out that I've been trying to get her to marry me this year, and she has trampled all over my protestations of affection. I'm too old, I suppose, for a woman to care for me any longer—anyhow it makes little difference now. I wish I could see her before I go."

He had spoken as if talking to himself, with a weakness and wistfulness that showed how near he was to the end. It was as if his familiar armour of reserve and uncompassion were no longer worth wearing, and Wheelock, looking at him, swallowed a strange lump in his throat.

"I beg your pardon," he said very soberly, holding out his hand. The Major took it, with a faint smile.

"And now," said Wheelock, briskly, "let me help nurse you back to health, as I've done before."

"Too late, old chap," responded Jackson. "I've 'got mine' as they say in this country. The doctor told me so this morning. But there is a firm of lawyers in London to whom I want you to send certain papers, after I am dead. Will you ?"

Before Wheelock could reply, the Hospital Orderly entered.

"Sir," he said, addressing Jackson, "there is a gentleman outside who has just arrived from Calgary by the stage, and who wishes to see you on a matter of importance. Can you talk with him ?" And he held out a card.

"Upon my word !" said Jackson, reading it, and passing it over to the

war correspondent, "After all, I need not give you my commission. It is the very man I wanted you to give those papers to—Snowdon, of London. Who would have expected to see him here ?"

"I'll go," said Wheelock, making a movement to rise, but Jackson shook his head, and bade the orderly bring Mr. Snowdon in.

A tall, fine-looking, grey-haired Englishman preceded the orderly into the ward, and walked straight to Jackson's cot, his keen eyes fixed on the officer's face.

"Mr. Edward, don't you know me?" he demanded. As he spoke, Wheelock was vaguely conscious that a woman had entered behind him, and stood, with the orderly near the door.

"I do know you, Mr. Snowdon," said Jackson slowly, "although it has been years since we met. But you are the last man I should have expected to see here."

The lawyer seated himself, and drew out a neat packet of papers. "Partly," he said, "I came to see my son Charlie, who is ranching in the Cypress Hills, and partly to trace down the heir to the Avondale peerage, which has been a-begging these two years and more."

"The Avondale peerage !" repeated Jackson, his eyes lighting.

"And now I have found him," continued the lawyer briskly, "though I am sorry to say not in the best of health. Indeed, sir, you have led us a pretty chase. Jackson, humph ! It sounds little enough like the Honorable Edward Osborn, in direct line to the Earl of Avondale's estates, with a rent-roll of ten thousand pounds a year."

"How did it happen ?" asked Jackson faintly, "There were three lives between me and the earldom."

"Ah, a curious affair," said the old lawyer, with a certain gusto. "The old Earl could not have been expected to live much longer, of course. But the heir, your uncle—an officer in the artillery, ye know—was killed by the bursting of a gun at Woolwich, three years ago. And his son, your cousin Hal, went hunting once too often, about a month after he had been the Earl of Avondale, and broke his back over a water-jump. Where have you been, that you did not see the papers, my lord ?"

"It is no use," said Jackson. "I am dying, so what good is the title to me now ? I suppose you have heard what happened ? Let me be plain Jackson to the end."

"This is very sad, my lord," said Mr. Snowdon, "very sad, indeed. But you have a son——"

"God forgive me," said the officer, "I had a son, but I don't know where he is. I don't even know whether he is alive or dead."

"But I do," said Wheelock, breaking into the conversation for the first time.

"You ?" said the patient in amazement. "Then where is he ?"

"He's in the next ward," said the newspaper man. "Hold on, don't strain yourself," as Jackson struggled to sit up, "you'll displace the bandages, and you want to save your strength until this business is settled. Wasn't your wife's maiden name Smith ?"

Jackson nodded.

"I thought so," said Wheelock. "You left her when her boy was only a little shaver. Well, she took her maiden name, and gave it to the boy. He knows, of course, that his father's name was Osborn, for he as good as told me so himself, but he isn't particularly proud of it. He is a corporal in the Mounted Police, and deserves the Victoria Cross for attempting to carry his father out of the zone of fire when he lay out in an Alberta coulee, wounded and dying. The Osborns won't need to do any blushing for him, let me tell you."

"Frank Smith," groaned Jackson. "The gods have grim ways of joking. Is he badly hurt ?"

"No, he is recovering well. I saw him this morning, and I think he could be moved safely, if the doctor will OK such a proceeding. That is, if he wants to see you, which I doubt."

"Will you go and talk to him, old chap ?" said Jackson faintly. "I'd like to see my boy, and—it will be too late before long. Oh—why didn't I know this before ?"

"Because both of you were blind as bats, I think," said Wheelock. "I

spotted the resemblance the moment I saw him. In fact, I thought at first he was you. But I'll go——"

"Stay," put in the lawyer. "Let me go. There is a lady with him."

"A lady?" repeated Wheelock.

"A lady," continued the old man imperturbably, "who came down from Calgary with me in the stage. But she has a right to be there—she is his wife."

"His wife!" echoed both listeners in amazement.

"Yes, his wife," said a woman's voice, and the veiled figure who had been seated with the hospital orderly near the door advanced and faced the startled group. The war correspondent was the first to recover his wits.

"Edith!" he gasped. "My girl!"

Jackson stared at her stupidly. "I don't understand," he muttered. "What do you mean?"

The lawyer seemed the only one able to grasp the situation. He rubbed his hands together softly and chuckled. It was a dramatic moment, and appealed to him greatly.

"It means," he said quietly, "that this lady is the wife of Corporal Frank Smith, of the Mounted Police. Or rather, of Lord Everton, heir to the Earldom of Avondale. They were privately married in England, some three years ago, but they have been parted by circumstances which they will doubtless explain to you themselves. I learned of this marriage some months ago, and met Lady Everton at Regina by appointment. Learning that her husband had been wounded, she accompanied me here. That is the whole story in a nutshell."

And then Jackson quietly fainted.

After all, it was Edith who brought Frank Smith and his father together again.

"Now that we are so happy, dear," she pointed out, "we don't want to be pigs. Let's forget the past, and at least let him have a little comfort out of this late good fortune. It will cost us so little, and he hasn't had very much out of life, after all."

"He's made his own life, Edith," demurred her husband. "And if you could have seen my mother——"

"Hush, dear,"—and she put her hand over his lips, an advantage that he promptly took. "Listen. If your father had come back while she was alive, wouldn't she have been the first to forgive and forget everything?"

He pondered over this, broodingly.

"Yes," he agreed at last. "I suppose she would. . . She was a brave and a good woman. . . . I'll see him."

"And be kind?"

"I'll try. After all, he's my father."

Suddenly Edith began to laugh a little hysterically.

"Oh, Frank!" she explained, "isn't it funny? He has been making such persistent love to me, and I've been trampling on him so unmercifully—and all the time he was my father-in-law. It's—it's heartless to laugh, I know— but I can't help it."

"Did you always trample on him?"

"Always. Of course. Wasn't I in love with you, silly?"

"Never forgot you were married to—a wastrel?"

"Never forgot I was married to *you*. But, Frank, you've cheated me out of a lot of the fun of being engaged—I've almost had to choke myself to keep from talking about you. When—when a woman's in love with a man, she thinks of nothing but him. And I was Miss Wheelock, and you were—"

"Just Smith," said Lord Everton, with a touch of bitterness. "But I can give you something now, Edith. That's the one blessed thing about this whole business; that I can take you to a home worthy of you. You'll make a handsome countess."

"Hush, dear. He is still alive. Let's not talk about that yet."

They went to the Earl of Avondale hand in hand, and Wheelock, sitting with Mr. Snowdon by his bed, greeted them jocularly, albeit with a certain anxious look about his eyes.

"Well, Edith," he said, "so I am father-in-law to a real live lord, eh?"

"Yes, dad," she said demurely, "and thank fortune he is a *live* one."

"While I," commented the Earl

cynically, "will soon be a dead one, eh ?"

"Oh, my lord !" deprecated the lawyer.

"What's the odds ?" said the patient. "I have joked with Death before, and I'm not going to turn hypocrite at the last. Come here, Edith."

The girl moved forward, her husband at her side. The dying man looked at them, and held out his hand weakly.

"Can you forgive me, Frank ?" he said with a catch in his voice. "For *her* sake ?" and the younger man put his hand for the first time in his remembrance in his father's.

"Kiss me, Edith," he said, speaking with difficulty. "I'll never bother you again." With tears in her eyes, the girl kissed him on the forehead, and he held her hand as she drew away.

"You'll make a handsome countess," he said wistfully, echoing his son's words. "I wish I could live to see you. Here's hoping that you and Frank make a better story of life than I have done. . . . Now," with a touch of his old manner, "if all of you will be kind enough to leave me, Frank and I have some family matters to discuss."

Quietly, the group departed, leaving father and son alone for their first and last interview. On the square, at the officer's quarters, the famous war correspondent and his daughter, Lady Everton, chatted on the verandah with the Colonel and his wife, while the bugler sounded "retreat" and the flag was slowly hauled down to be stowed away for the night in the guard room locker. Soon, lights began to appear in the row of barrack room windows as the men retired to their quarters, and night settled down gently on the fort.

The End.

OUTING

BY CY WARMAN

THE WHITE road racing out behind,
The motor's mellow horn;
The subtle, perfumed summer wind,
Breath of the waking morn.
The apple-orchard's quiet shade,
The meadows wet with dew;
It seems to me this world was made
For you, my love, for you.

The brown-skinned, barefoot country lads,
The rural, rustic swain,
The frisky flocks of Mary-hads
All loafing down the lane.
The noonday luncheon by the lake,
The milkwhite sail at sea;
Was not the good Lord good to make
This world for you and me?

WAR

BY EDGAR WADLACE

A TENT that is pitched at the base,
A wagon that comes from the night,
A stretcher—and on it a case:
A surgeon who's holding a light.
The Infantry's bearing the brunt—
O hark to the wind-carried cheer!
A mutter of guns at the front:
A whimper of sobs at the rear—
And it's war! "Orderly, hold the light—
You can lay him down on the table: so—
Easily—gently! Thanks, you may go."
And it's war! but the part that is not for show.

A tent with a table athwart,
A table that's laid out for one:
A waterproof cover—and naught
But the limp mangled work of a gun:
A bottle that's stuck by the pole,
A guttering dip in its neck;
The flickering light of a soul
On the wandering eyes of the wreck
And it's war! "Orderly, hold his hand,
I'm not going to hurt you, so don't be afraid,
A ricochet! God! what a mess it has made!"
And it's war! and a very unhealthy trade.

The clink of a stopper and glass:
A sigh as the chloroform drips
A trickle of—what? on the grass,
And bluer and bluer the lips.
The lashes have hidden the stare:
A rent, and the clothes fall away.——
A touch, and the wound is laid bare——
A cut, and the face has turned grey——
And it's war! "Orderly, take it out
It's hard for his child and it's rough on his wife.
There might have been—sooner—a chance for his life."
But it's war! and "Orderly, clean this knife."

The Defiance of Billy Oreamnos

A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By Everett McNeil

ONE fall, while a member of an English government survey, working up the valley of the Elk River, British Columbia, I had a most extraordinary adventure, in which a mountain goat (*Oreamnos Montanus*), a grizzly bear, and my humble self played an exceedingly exciting and dramatic part.

We had passed up the Elk River some thirty miles beyond the Sulphur Spring, now quite famous for its healing properties and frequently visited by those troubled with rheumatism, and were surveying the wild and mountainous region lying between the nearly paralled Elk and Fording rivers, a veritable hunter's paradise. Mountain goats and mountain sheep were seen nearly every day high up on the mountains beyond the timber-line, mule deer and elk were plentiful in the valleys, and twice we had had a distant glimpse of a grizzly bear and had frequently come upon bear signs—tracks, rubbing-trees, etc.,—while at our work.

Naturally, being fond of hunting, I was very anxious to have a try at some of this big game, especially the mountain goats, an animal I had never yet hunted; and, consequently, when on the morning of the twenty-eighth of September, my birthday, I was told that I might have a holiday in which to celebrate that important event, providing I would do my best to bring into camp some fresh meat, I very gladly accepted the proviso, and determined to spend the day hunting goats.

The Rocky Mountain goat is emphatically a mountain-climber; and the one who hunts him must expect to do some wearisome and often dangerous climbing himself, or he will never get within shooting distance of this, the most fearless and skilful of all four-footed mountaineers. His natural home is above the timber-line, among the cliffs and precipices of the mountain tops; and, although he is sometimes found feeding in the lower valleys, at the first alarm he will flee to the rocky fastnesses of his mountain home. Accordingly, when I set out from camp a little after sunrise, I was prepared to do some arduous mountain-climbing; and I was not disappointed.

The day before, we had seen a flock of a dozen goats grazing on a small mountain meadow, situated about midway up the side of a particularly rugged-looking mountain; and it was toward this sky-pasture, in the hopes of still finding the goats there, that I now made my way.

The goat-meadow, as we called it, was some five miles from the spot where we were then encamped, and the road thither was anything but an easy one to travel; but, at last, I reached the base of the mountain on

whose side the goats had been seen, and began my climb upward.

For nearly a mile I struggled skyward through green timber, carpeted with needles of spruce and pine, and then passed beyond the timber-line, and came into the region of bare rocks. I knew, if my reckoning was correct, that the goat-meadow lay just beyond a crag to my left that stuck out from the side of the mountain like the nose on a man's face, and, accordingly, I began to work my way toward this crag as noiselessly as possible. When I reached the crag I very cautiously climbed to its top, and, slowly raising my head, took a look beyond.

My heart gave a jump. The goats were there, a baker's dozen of them; but at the far end of the meadow, too far away for me to shoot from where I was, and near a ragged hogback of precipitous rock some three or four hundred feet high. I knew that at the first sign of danger the wary animals would retreat to this rugged fortress, where it would be next to impossible to get a shot at them; and, after considering the situation for a few minutes, I determined to try to reach the summit of the hogback by way of the mountain, and to creep along the top until I came within range of the goats. Accordingly I made my way down the side of my lookout, and, carefully keeping out of sight of the goats, worked upward toward the hogback.

I had covered about half the distance, and was slowly crawling across a little open space, where there were no rocks to hide me, when, to my surprise, for I felt quite sure the goats had neither seen nor winded me, I saw an old ram suddenly raise his head, and start on a swift run for the rocks, followed by the other goats; and, to my still greater surprise, all ran almost directly toward me and away from the hogback.

"Now, for a shot," I thought, hurriedly crawling to a rock and crouching behind it. But, just before they came within range of my Remington, the old ram in the lead turned sharply to the right, and dashed into one of the many gullies that seamed he mountainside, and, swiftly followed by the flock, disappeared from sight, leaving me anathematizing my ill luck.

However, a hunter who cannot stand disappointment has no business hunting big game in the mountains; and, consoling myself with the thought that it was through no blunder of mine that I had lost the game, I started after the goats, hoping yet to get a shot at them, for I knew that the mountain goat, unless badly frightened, does not usually go far, but seeks some near-by retreat high up among the rocks where few of his enemies can follow him.

After half an hour of exceedingly difficult and sometimes dangerous climbing, I came to where the rock shelved off into a narrow passageway, running along the side of an almost precipitous cliff, and a couple of hundred or more feet above the bottom of the gully that here split the mountainside. As I stood hesitating whether or not to take this precarious path, I saw a couple of mountain goats slowly climbing up the steep side of the gully, but too far away for me to risk a shot at either of them from where I was. Apparently the goats were bent on reaching a shelf of rocks that I could see jutting out a hundred feet above their heads. A hurried glance along the narrow ledge in front of me showed that it would bring me within easy range of the rocks toward which the two goats were climbing; and, without giving the danger another thought, I hastened along its narrow passageway.

For a hundred yards the shelf of rocks was six or more feet wide, affording an easy and a safe passage to feet as accustomed to mountain-climbing as were mine; then, to my surprise and chagrin, there was a break thirty feet wide, where the projecting shelf had been torn away by a heavy snow-slide, leaving me still a hundred yards from the point of vantage I wished to attain.

I was loath to turn back, for by peering over the edge of the shelf I could see the goats still climbing upward, with eyes too busy choosing sure footholds to notice me, and I felt quite certain, if I could advance the other hundred yards, of being able to

BACKING ALONG THE NARROW SHELF OF ROCK DIRECTLY TOWARDS ME, I SAW A FULL GROWN MOUNTAIN GOAT, AND CLOSE AFTER HIM, A HUGE GRIZZLY BEAR

kill one and possibly both of them. But, how was I to cross that thirty feet of space? I glanced down over the broken edge of the shelf, and saw that, some ten feet below, a sufficient quantity of slide-rock had lodged to make a precarious pathway across the break, and that once across the break, it would not be difficult to climb to the shelf of rocks again, and continue along its surface until I was within rifle shot of the climbing goats. I studied the rocks below carefully for a few minutes, and, feeling assured of their solidity, determined to make the venture.

A rifle, in a climb up or down a perilous bit of rocks, where a single

misstep might mean death, is an awkward and dangerous weight to carry, and I resolved to lower my gun to the ledge below before climbing down myself. Accordingly I tied one end of a piece of strong twine, which I had in my pocket, to the trigger-guard; and had just swung the gun over the edge of the shelf, when a noise from behind caused me to turn my head quickly. The sight I saw was so unexpected and fearful, and startled me so violently, that, in the excitement of the moment, I let go of the twine, and heard my rifle go rattling down the rocks below.

Backing along the narrow shelf of rocks directly toward me, I saw a large mountain goat, a full-grown billy; and, close after the ram, his eyes fixed hungrily on the goat, but apparently too fearful of those sharp straight horns always kept pointed toward him to venture to rush in and seize his prey, crept a huge grizzly bear. To my surprise the goat did not act as if he was as frightened as he was angry, nor did he show the least signs of panic; but, stopping every minute or two, he stamped his powerful front feet, gritted his teeth, and defied the bear to come on and have it out. When the goat stopped, the bear would stop, raise up on his hind legs and growl most ferociously. I could see that both the goat and the bear were fast working themselves up into a great rage, which would soon cause them to throw caution to the winds and come to close quarters.

But, what of myself, perched there on that narrow ledge of rocks, my rifle gone beyond present use and my only available weapon a small hunting-knife, with an angry mountain goat and a furious grizzly bear, each a deadly dangerous animal under the circumstances, coming nearer every moment?

I confess that at the first sight of the grizzly and the goat, and the thought that I had no weapon save the knife, my blood ran cold with the most terrible fear I have ever felt in my life; and I turned quickly, intending to let myself down from the break in the shelf to the ledge of rocks below, when I was horrified to find that my falling rifle had struck and dislodged a sufficient number of the rocks to make my escape that way impossible. Indeed, so loosely were the rocks held against the precipitous mountainside, that I would certainly have gone to my death had I attempted to pass over them.

For the first few seconds after I fully realized the hopelessness of my terrible situation—alone and unarmed on that narrow shelf of rocks, hanging two hundred feet in the air, with a hungry grizzly bear and an angry mountain goat coming toward me—I have no distinct remembrance of what I did or how I felt. Then I found myself, in spite of my terror, beginning to watch the actions of the two animals with an ever increasing interest; and soon I became so deeply entranced that, for the time being, I even forgot my own peril, and watched for the outcome of that extraordinary contest with fascinated eyes and bated breath.

The ram was a magnificent specimen of his kind. From nose to tail his pelage, or fur, was as white as newly fallen snow, without a spot or stain, and looked as if it had been combed that morning. He was now so near that I could observe closely his big stockily-built body, his short thick muscular legs, his powerful neck and shoulders, and the two jet-black horns, round and smooth and sharp as skewers, that, like two deadly daggers, armed his head. If his opponent had been other than the terrible grizzly bear, I would have had serious doubts as to what the outcome of the battle might be. But, what could an animal, however, brave and gritty, weighing some three hundred pounds and armed only with two horns not over a foot in length, hope for in a contest with the huge bulk and enormous strength and sharp claws and sharper teeth of a grizzly, the most powerful and ferocious animal on the American continent? Indeed, it seemed most extraordinary that the goat had had the courage to face his huge antagonist; and, doubtless, he would not have done so had he not been caught on that narrow shelf

WITH A THUD THAT SOUNDED LIKE THE IMPACT OF A PILE-DRIVER, HE STRUCK THE GRIZZLY AND BEAR AND GOAT WENT OVER BACKWARD

of rocks, where it was impossible for him to escape by climbing up or down, and where, if he turned tail and attempted to escape by running, the grizzly would be upon him before he had gone many yards. It was as gallant a fight for life as ever I expect to see, and my heart warmed with sympathy and admiration for the brave goat.

By this time the angry ram was within a couple of rods of where I lay hugging the rock as closely as possible; but neither of the animals took the slightest notice of me. I do not think they saw me. They had eyes only for

each other. The goat was in a terrible rage, hammering the rock with his feet, gritting his teeth furiously, and making short bouncing rushes at the bear; but always stopping just outside of the reach of those huge paws, and backing off again. At every rush the grizzly would rear himself up on his hind legs, growling savagely and striking terrible blows that never hit the goat, but he still hesitated to make the fatal rush that would end the contest.

Suddenly the ram backed swiftly to within a dozen feet of where I lay; and, something in his quick jerky movements as he did so, in the way he gathered himself together for the forward rush, told me that his patience had been exhausted, that the critical moment had come—and I was right.

For an instant he paused, to pound the rock with his front feet, and to grit his teeth in a frenzy of rage; and then, gathering himself together, he suddenly bounded toward the bear, like a great white bouncing ball. There was no stopping this time, until, with a thud that sounded like the blow of a pile driver, his head struck the grizzly directly below his fore legs, and bear and goat went over together backward.

In my excitement I sprang to my feet, utterly forgetful of my own danger, and stared at the fighting beasts. For a half minute there was a furious struggle, then, with a frightful growl, the grizzly staggered to his feet above the body of the goat, whirled round, and started, running blindly, straight toward me, froth and blood falling from his mouth; and, before I fully realized my awful peril, he was within a dozen feet of where I stood, paralyzed with fear, unable to move hand or foot, my eyes on the great ugly head and the wide-opened mouth. But, even as I looked, suddenly, as if every atom of physical strength had been instantly stricken from his body, he collapsed, and slid along the smooth rock to my feet, and lay still, while his eyes grew glassy.

I do not know how many minutes I stood there, staring at the grizzly, before I comprehended that he was dead; but, never can I forget the joyous feeling of relief that passed through my entire body, when I did realize that fact and that I was safe.

On examining the body of the bear, I found that the two sharp horns of the goat had been driven full length into his breast, one of them piercing his heart and the other tearing a hole in his lung, inflicting wounds that would have been instantly fatal to any animal less tenacious of life than a grizzly bear.

Author's Note—The killing of the grizzly bear by the mountain goat may have an improbable sound to those unfamiliar with the bravery and fighting qualities of this gallant animal; but the hunters of the Canadian Rockies, who know both the goat and the grizzly, would find nothing improbable in it. William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, sportsman and naturalist, in his book "CAMP-FIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES," says: "I regard the mountain goat as an animal to whom fear is an almost unknown sensation", and, in support of this opinion, he quotes Mr. Arthur B. Fenwick, an ardent Canadian sportsman and nature-lover, who has seen much of mountain goats, as follows.

"As to the fighting capacity of a full-grown billy goat, he will, with a little luck, kill almost anything. . . . . I will tell you another fact, which without the explanation you would not believe. A goat will sometimes kill a full-grown silver-tip bear! I once found a big goat, dead, which evidently had been killed by a silver-tip, as there were lots of tracks all around, and the goat's back was broken. I thought it queer that the bear had not taken the goat away and buried it, as usual, so I looked around. I found a large silver-tip bear, dead, and all bloated up, and when I examined him I found that the goat had punched him twice, just back of the heart. He had been able to kill the goat, and had then gone off and died."

"Silver-tip" is another name for a grizzly bear.

The gallant goat was also dead, his neck crushed by a blow that would have felled an ox.

My rifle lay broken at the bottom of the gully, and I made no attempt to recover it; but at once hastened back to camp, and, returning with a couple of men and a horse, we brought back a goodly portion of the bear and the goat meat, and the skins and the heads of the two animals, valued trophies of one of the most remarkable fights ever witnessed in the Rocky Mountains.

Tales of the Picannin

By Nan Moulton

OUR first picannin was a younger brother of Charles, playing substitute for him. Irritation seems mixed greatly with my faint impression of him, and a touch of amusement reminiscent of the day we found him absorbed in Punch; of his quaint way of bending a listening ear to help in his misunderstanding of our Anglo-Canadian; of his off-hand "A'right!" for all the world like a Yankee newsboy; and of his inimitable little bob and "Well, g'night, Missis!" as he betook his brown little entity dancing off to his blanket.

Charles came next and stayed until "the end" wrote itself to Farm School life. Charles was a lovely treacle color and had temperament and ambitions, the chief of which latter was, one day by-and-by, to "werk by Pretoria." He was protector, interpreter, and business adviser in bead transactions. His office, primarily, had been to wash up, to sweep, and to "cook" the kettle. The way I remember him oftenest is a golden-brown, slightly smoky little face at the tent-flap and a voice announcing, "Kettle cook, Missis."

But his office enlarged itself and the branches thereof came to be legion. He made a beautiful footman, announcing all callers after their kind. A military man was always "di capiten," all the South African Constabulary "di Polees," our District Head Master, "di Baas," and all others were simply "Engles, Missis," or perhaps, with a fine shade of contempt, "Boer, Missis."

He became buyer for the firm of the two of us when rations ran low between the treks to town, and trudged over the hills three miles to "di winkel," a little shop of mud bricks, presided over by an energetic Swede and a soft-eyed young German. One evening I was waiting for him to come back when a soft tinkle, tinkle of bells came to me down the hill. I listened and lazily wondered as the steady tinkle came nearer, and then——all at once Charlie appeared around a corner of the little kitchen, Charlie glorified in a coat of blue serge, "ten bob, Missis," and, above his bare brown feet, a marvellous pair of black leather puttees with a row of brass bells adown the sides, "five bob, Missis." He was so funny and pleased over them and never wore them while working, but only when he went to a far kraal to buy eggs, or to visit, or when he went again to "di winkel," or when a guest graced our board. At other times the puttees hung on a nail in the kitchen, a nail consecrate; and, at night, the brass bells gleamed in the light from candle or paraffin stove, and visitors of Charles paid them tribute of admiration and envy.

As interpreter and adviser in our

buyings of beaded things from the Kaffir women, he was invaluable, and guarded our money interests in voluble heated native tongue whenever a maisie girl wanted to overcharge us for a rather worn voorskirt (a sort of small beaded leather apron). And when his own haughty sister came one day in a glory of decoration that fired us with desire of possession, he persuaded her long and eloquently, but she was incorruptible. "No like, Missis," he said, "not want," in the tone of one to whom failure comes hard, and went wearily away to light his fire.

It came about one day that slander touched his young life. The suave S. A. C. officer in command at Schiedpad called at the farm-house below on his weekly visit for the hearing and redressing of wrongs. Might he see our boy, he asked deferentially a few minutes later, and took Charles away with him. And Charles returned in a flame of indignation that lasted for days. Old Oom Goos had aroused it. "He say my *steal*," said Charlie.

"What?" we asked.

"Perskiis, (peaches) eggs," sobbed the aggrieved boy, "tabac, mealies,—all!" with a wave of his brown hand down to the farm below.

"Never mind!" we said. But he did, for, at night, when Swartjong, Oom Goos's boy, came up as usual to skoff with Charles, and, incidentally, help wash the dishes, he was banished hungry, after Charlie had told him in scorching Kaffir, in unpublishable English, in lurid Dutch, his (Charlie's) opinion of Oom Goos, his vrouw, his sons, his sons' vrouws, his daughters, his farm, his peaches, his tobacco, and all that was his, very much including his boy Swartjong.

The recompense came the day we left Rooikop, when Oom Goos sent Charlie down to the orchard with a great sack to fill with peaches for "di twee goed schoelmissises" to take away with them. The air with which Charles departed after those peaches was heavenly. Revenge and triumph and conscious rectitude were writ large in the small figure and treacle face, and he stayed long away and picked largely, until, with the utter plumpness of the sack, the wrong was quite wiped out.

After the first pay-day at Elandslaagte, Charles asked leave to go home to Rooikop with his "maley," offering in his stead for a few days, Coolan, a dear wee boy with regular features and even teeth. For an afternoon Coolan was instructed in the domestic way he should go. Afterwards the two stayed on together and worked and played and quarreled to their hearts' content. Ethelind's hammock appealed to their luxurious instincts and they parodied it by means of a mimosa-limb and a tent-rope and all the small Kaffirs of the neighborhood disported themselves thereon by sunlight and moonshine with shrill shrieks of glee.

It was about this time that Charlie's vocabulary needed expurgating. We hoped it was not the leaven of the S. A. C., troopers around whose tents Charlie spent leisurely afternoons, and we didn't like to think the Kaffir night-school was responsible for the evil communications that corrupt decorous speech. And we tried to blot out the memory of the day the wasps were aggressive, and Charlie, watching them being smoked out from the rocks, or assisting in the operation with great glee, inadvertently stepped upon one and exchanged his oil of gladness for the profanity of pain.

One hot day the sun flickered through the mimosa branches upon Ethelind and her kitten and her purple leather Shelley, as she curled her scrap of self into her hammock, so Coolan and Charlie were despatched up the mimosa tree to spread a rug where absence of foliage above induced lack of shade below. The little S. A. C. Corporal had wandered across from their tents with our letters and stood watching the boys. Suddenly Coolan looked down at the Corporal with a little dancing of his eyes. "Twee bobijaan?" (two monkeys?) he suggested.

"Yes," smiled back the Corporal, "twee bobijaan."

But the dignity of Charles disallows the calling of names, and the ever-ready resentment of Charles flamed

with a fierceness not warranted by the jesting occasion. "Sy fader bobijaan," he flashed, and not in fun. But Coolan, from his perch, slated Charles coolly and forcefully and lengthily and finally—"Jou fader is 'n bobijaan, en jou moeder is 'n bobijaan, en jou broeder is 'n bobijaan, en jou sister, also," going back, in time of strife to beams in the genealogical eye, as naturally as the children of light.

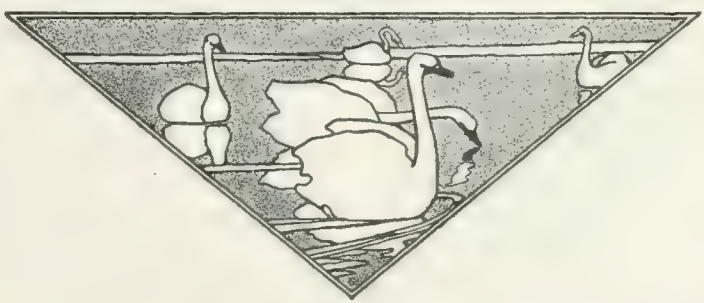
And was ever a Christian caught by a foolish conundrum, but he straightway took in his brother? List to the tale of the olive which Ethelind invited Charlie to eat. He looked at it. It was green and moist, palatable surely. It was a new quantity, and an occasional male creature understands Eve. He bit it vigorously—and fled.

"You like olives?" we asked gravely when he came back.

"No good, Missis," and Charles removed the plates with an aloof manner. But he put in his tufty head at the tent-flap a minute later, a gleam of mischief melting the frozen dignity of his features. "Gif Coolie, Missis?" And Charles in turn tempted Coolan that he too fell, and his momentum of disappearance was accelerated even beyond that of Charles, who was curled up in a corner of the marquee speechless with joy.

It was a rainy week, that last seven days at Elandslaagte, and out of its sodden greyness glimmer a few stray memories of Charlie's quaintnesses. Ethelind was preparing dinner one night and the smoke from the damp wood got into her eyes. Ethelind, being a true princess, exceedingly dislikes discomfort of any sort and always blames the nearest person for the pea under the mattresses. "Oh, Charlie!" she wailed, and "No *my*, Missis," came his righteously indignant protest. On an afternoon when the rain stayed itself for a season, Charles disappeared along the Aventure road, and it was all but dusk when we saw him again and rebuked him for tardiness. "My *pick trees*," is his defence, borne out by the documentary evidence of hatchet in hand, and a fair-sized tree trailing in his wake. Taking refuge from the rain that was ever with us, two huge, horrid frogs hopped over my feet as I searched for matches in the twilight gloom of the "slaap-tent." Frogs being more of a horror to me than many mice, I fled to Charles for succor, and a few minutes later, Charles, stick in hand and shouting "Hi!" at intervals accomplished the exodus of the foe.

Then Easter-week came and Charles prepared to return to the kraal of his father, laden with a resume of many kinds and conditions of "skoff" (food), and we, in a Cape-cart, drove back twenty-six veldt-miles to the "dorp" and civilization. And it being the will of the gods that civilization should henceforth claim us, the "Good-bye, Missis," that floated after us above the wet veldt grasses and the waving of the officer's cap from his kinky head, was the last we heard and saw of our small brown Providence.



In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras
Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin,
Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

SEVENTH PAPER

At Acapulco and by sea to Manzanillo, Mexico.

From the hill-sides on which are established the workshops and offices of the railway and near the walls of the ancient *Ciudadela* (fort) we could admire the largest and most beautiful bay of the whole Pacific Ocean.

We were lodged by Don Enrique in in some of the wooden huts and as at "Buen Suceso," he overwhelmed us with every attention. After a short rest and while waiting for the dinner hour, I went off to have a look at the port. I selected a point from which I could dominate an extensive view for miles in both directions, the only interruption being the Island of the Raqueta situate some distance from the entrance, which forms the two sea arms known by the name of Grande and Chica (Big and Little).

After dinner I returned to my vantage ground and continued to contemplate the calm sea on which a few craft were rocking, among them a corvette of the United States Navy. Everything was in full activity and the going and coming of the dock laborers and the rushing about of the people engaged in selling and buying gave a lively aspect to the quays which was truly interesting after such a journey through almost desert lands.

Acapulco to-day has a population of about 5,000; it continues to be considered as a fortified town owing to the existence of the fort and its port is of such importance that besides Mexican lines of steamers, those of nearly every nation of the world call here on their way from Central to North America.

The different services of the port are pretty well organized and although there may be some deficiencies owing to the scarcity of quays, which calls for the employment of lighters in loading or unloading operations, the general conditions of the harbor elevate the port to the first rank principally on account of the protection offered to ships from the storms which proceed from the South and West; these are most to be feared as northerly and easterly winds are never experienced owing to the protection given by the amphitheatre of mountains which in these directions surround the bay.

At the present time, Acapulco is the outlet for all the agricultural and manufactured products of the Guerrero coast besides good quantities of mineral and when the railway from this port to Igualo via Chilpancingo is an established fact, the port will acquire extraordinary importance and will be to the Pacific what Vera Cruz is to the Atlantic.

Colonel Davidson and his party received every attention at Acapulco

and in our honor a splendid banquet was given.

From here we sent telegrams saluting President Diaz and the Governor of Guerrero State, Don Damian Flores, and Davidson took advantage of the opportunity to manifest the grateful impression he had gathered during his inspection of these fine territores. The Governor replied at once, inviting the Colonel to stay at Chilpancingo on his way back to Mexico.

The whole town took part in manifesting good will towards us, and especially distinguished the Colonel by accompanying him to his lodgings with a band of music. A dance was organized by Don Manuel Gonzalez Rubio, Commandant of the Port and Chief of the Customs, a great friend of mine and for whose kindness, together with the amiability of his good wife and children, we shall ever feel the utmost gratitude. This dance was graced by the presence of the principal dames and young ladies of the town, who also vied with the others in showering attentions upon us. I may mention at this opportunity that our friend Flora at Acapulco appeared in her natural dress. She must have felt in her glory after a month of being condemned to go about like a ragamuffin.

During three days we remained here, and the kind treatment showed no signs of abating.

We occupied part of our time in collecting our notes taken during the march and in making a prolonged inspection of the bay and its conditions. We went as far as Costa Chica, where we found the exuberant vegetation to be compared with what we had already seen and we realized certain studies which in the future may be of the greatest importance for what we have in view.

On the 11th, in the afternoon, the Pacific Mail steamer, "City of Para" arrived and on this we were to embark. Even the earth wished to bid farewell to us, and saluted us with two tremblings, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. Acapulco, so chastised by earth-quakes, signs of which we could appreciate in the ruined church and other buildings, supplied us on the last day of our stay with such a sensational phenomenon and although the tremlings were slight, they were of sufficient effect to make us imagine what would happen when the tremblings are greater.

In the morning of the twelfth, we left the bay in direction to the north and to the port of Manzanillo. From the steamer we could appreciate the whole extension of those lands over which we had journeyed with such toil and fatigue. We had displayed to our view the peaks of the Brea mountains, after these the lands and hills of Coyuc de Benitez which formed the foreground of the Picos Alzados and the Tres Telas with an elevation of more than 3,000 metres. Beyond the Sierra of Atoyac appeared the crests of Teotepec, 3,200 metres high, and beyond Tecpan we could devise the Cerro Alto and the Cuatro Cruces.

Opposite Talcoyunque and beyond San Luis, we could see the mountainous country of Dolores, and beyond Petatlan and Coyuquilla the mountains of Focalmua. Our memory was continually being refreshed by the sight of these districts in the distance.

Half way through the afternoon we were opposite the port of Sihuatenejo, the panorama being closed in by the Sal and Gundan mountains, and at evening when we passed La Union and shortly after the mouth of the Balsas river, we caught sight of the peaks of the Guadalupe hills. We were now losing sight of land owing to the approaching darkness and we began to contemplate the silvery waters of the ocean, reflecting the rays of a full October moon, which illuminated the space during that night of a happy, quiet sea voyage. Almost a month has passed since we set out, as the reader will remember that we started under a full September moon.

Night was now upon us, and passed quite tranquilly but at daylight, we were all up, anxious to see, although from a distance, the coast unknown to us. The steamer was surrounded by dolphins and tunny fish and millions of other fishes of multiple colors, some of great size, followed our wake

appearing almost at the surface. Along Costa Grande there is no fishing industry and we could not help thinking that this would be another fountain of wealth to add to the numerous schemes we were studying.

Half way through the morning we were contemplating the hills of Carrizal, Agemidor, Pomaro, Maquilen, Coalcoman and Coahuayana and in the background those of Colima. We were now very near to Manzanillo. At about noon we arrived at this port, and landed under the most sultry conditions, the heat was insupportable. We took the train for Colima, where we passed the night and, via Guadalajara we were on our way to the Capital.

Our expedition had happily terminated.

The end.

AN INTERPAROCHIAL AFFAIR

BY T. A. DALY

OCH! there's divil a parish at all
Like this one o' St. Paul.
Here the winter begins wid the fall
An' it sticks to the middle o' May.
Streets an' houses an' people are gray
An' the night lends its hue to the day,
For the blessed sun's light hangs like fog on the walls
Where a man does be livin' his lone in St. Paul's.

Faith, 'tis odd that the same parish plan
Gave so much to St. Ann.
There's one parish that's fit for a man
Wid a hunger for warmth an' for light!
'Tis a comfort to find, day an' night,
Streets an' houses an' people so bright;
For there's summer-warm hearts an' there's kind, open han's,
An' a girl wid a face like a rose, in St. Ann's.

In a parish just over the line,
Called St. John the Divine,
There's a cozy new cot, an' it's mine!
Och! 'tis I will have throuble to hide
From my face all the joy an' the pride
That my heart will be feelin' inside,
When next Sunday at Mass they'll be readin' the banns
For meself o' St. Paul's and Herself o' St. Ann's.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

EVEN a Pedlar has to lay down his pack sometimes, he being a mere human and liable to the ills and sufferings which afflict frail humanity. Thus it has been with the man of wares who ventures to put forth the plea of illness as apology for a very small—and I am afraid—shabby collection of shreds and patches with which to tickle the fancy of the fair dames, his customers. Forgive the poor fellow, and be, reader, as you always are, compassionate.

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A TALE OF A DOG

I WOULD like to tell you the story of how a dog of my acquaintance—indeed I may go further and say a dog friend of mine—spent his Christmas. This is not a temperance tale, so if your feelings on this question are in any way sensitive, pray pass it by.

There are dogs and dogs, as you know, and there exist among this noble animal as many types and characteristics as among men.

Every variety of dog has his individual trait. The bull for his gameness; the greyhound for his swiftness; the collie for his watchfulness; the beagle for his scent; the setter, the noblest of all, for his fidelity, loyalty and keen instinct; the terrier for his snap, his wonderful gift of comradeship and his indomitable courage. As for the 'coon dog, let his name, too, be inscribed on the roll of fame for he can outbark all creation, can scratch more, gulp more, live longer and die harder than any other dog of our knowledge.

Mr. Grimbage—his stable name is Toby—is a stately, reserved old gentleman of a Bedlington terrier who gets foolish moments when he scrabbles and otherwise goes on a little toot. He is either extremely reserved or exceedingly emotional. There are days when he is only Mr. Grimbage and you dare not even think of him as Toby. And there are days when he is as far from being Grimbage as Dr. Jekyll was from being Mr. Hyde.

On Christmas Eve Toby disappeared, and Mr. Grimbage took his place. He disapproved of the fuss and feathers of the holiday preparations, of the squeaks and screams of the youngsters whenever Santa Claus rang the bell with a fresh package. He even made surreptitious snatches at that gentleman's legs which made the express man shy a kick at him. He growled at the mother of the puppies and nipped those youngsters at every chance. Altogether, Mr. Grimbage was at his moodiest and surliest all the day.

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WHAT RODDY DID.

RODDY—by rights Roderick—is a boy who is never idle. Satan always finds him something to do.

Roddy is an observant boy, and lets no opportunities slip by for want of catching them by the poll. All day Mr. Grimbage, who detests boys when his name is not Toby, had eluded him, growled at him, and had generally shown a distaste for his society. And all day Roddy had pursued him. In the evening, when everybody was upstairs busy tying up their Christmas packages, Roddy, alone in the dining room, began a noiseless search for goodies. All at once he espied upon the sideboard some Scotch whiskey—laid out for the refreshment of those of the gentlemen who might care for that sort of thing later in the evening. An appalling desire to make a spectacle for all the cats in the neighborhood of Mr. Grimbage came over this Satanic boy. Thus would he pay off old scores. Mr. Grimbage should be inoculated with "Wee Tappit Hen" until he became intoxicated. You see, Satan was finding work for idle hands.

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WHAT MR. GRIMBAGE DID.

MR. GRIMBAGE, seized suddenly from behind where he lay dozing under the sofa, came up with a growl. But he was held as in a vice between Roddy's knees.

"You old scoundrel," quoth that Inquisitor, "there isn't a wicked thing you haven't done in the world except one thing, and that you're going to do now. You've committed murder, you're a common thief, you've nipped people and growled at people and bitten your wife and children. And now," said Roddy, pouring some of the terribly strong mixture in a tumbler, "you're going to go on a bat—that's what. And your wife'll hate you and give you what for, and the family will cast you off in disgrace. Here goes!"

Deliberately, with a spoon, Roddy fed Scotch whiskey out of the glass into the throat of Mr. Grimbage. Spoonful after spoonful fell into that cavity. Oddly enough, Mr. Grimbage did not choke or sneeze as much as you might expect. So Roddy says, and Mr. Grimbage was too intoxicated later to be able to deny the statement. After a tidy drink had been put away, Mr. Grimbage shook himself free, and made for other quarters, and in the new excitement of being sent out to post letters Roddy forgot all about him.

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THE DEBACLE.

IT WAS half an hour later that we stumbled over a gray form which lay outspread in the middle of the hall. "Why will you lie just where people can fall over you, Toby?" we demanded angrily. But with an ecstatic snort Mr. Grimbage rolled over, opened one eye—which gave him the expression of having winked—and solemnly regarded us. Then he tried to scratch a flea with a hind leg which only beat the air feebly. Then he essayed to get up. A fatal move, for he only slid, spread-eagled, over the slippery floor. It was when we knelt down beside him and he opened his mouth to lick our hand that he gave himself away. There was an unmistakable flavor of Wee Tappit Hen, and if ever a dog was smiling, Mr. Grimbage was doing it then. The appalling truth then came upon us. Mr. Grimbage had been drinking! But, impossible! Absurd! He could not have helped himself. Who could have done such a terrible thing?

At that moment Roddy burst in the door.

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THE END OF THE STORY.

IT WAS not a satisfactory ending, especially for Roddy. But we will pass that by—merely remarking that it is an awful thing for a boy not to get a single thing on Christmas morning after he had written—with his tongue in his cheek, I'm afraid—to Santy for engines and motor boats and things.

But it was a notable night for Mr. Grimbage. You never saw a jollier chap. He skated over floors, scratched the air, and fell into naps from which he woke to gambol with the world and

make playful dabs at a disgusted house-cat. His wife came up, sniffed at him contemptuously, and left him. Mr. Grimbage didn't care. He might be Grimbage or he might be Toby—or he might be anybody. Once during the evening, he made a dash for the open and tried to bite a passing motor. In dismay the family hurled itself shrieking into the road and rescued him and carried him back. He didn't care. He was out for a good old time and he was a man-dog anyway. This was a game that women could neither play at nor understand. As time went on he grew worse. He even sang. Of course his words were indistinct, but I fancy he was repeating Roddy's oration and commenting gleefully on the fact that he had been a wicked old man and that this was the climax. There was nothing to do but put him to bed. He went gallantly. At the whistle he skated through the house, fell down the kitchen stairs, went sideways down the garden to his kennel and fell in.

And in the morning you should have seen him make for the horse-bucket.

Mr. Grimbage has been "strictly temperance" since. He made no end of New Year's resolutions, mounted the wagon, and has not since come down. Show him a glass and he will flee to the farthest ends and hide in corners. And he took his revenge out on Roddy's Sunday knickers—especially the seat of the same.

Moreover, you can call him Toby, now.

RODDY FELT AN APPALLING DESIRE TO MAKE A SPECTACLE FOR ALL THE CATS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MR. GRIMBAGE

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SPRING FASHIONS

LIKE the ladies, the birds are busy now with their spring fashions, and good Dame Nature is certainly a wonderful costumer. In the heart of the Everglades, in the Pearl of the Antilles and the multi-colored tropics, she keeps her store of colors and sunshine, but in the bird-world, unlike ours, fashions are so arranged that each family is supplied with its individual styles and coloring.

The rejuvenescence of mother's and father's dress, though a great source of happiness, no doubt, can be nothing like the elation of the youngsters who will wear spring colors for the first time. Mr. Tanager's red coat is sadly in need of re-dyeing, but it will only be the same bright scarlet he wore when he came North last year. Young Master Tanager is shedding his olive-green, neutral clothes, which have been up to this the same color as his sisters', and, no doubt, much to his disgust, have caused him to be addressed as a mere girl by bold tropical mashers.

The Bobolinks are also going through their metamorphosis. They have the great misfortune of being a legendary bonne bouche, much on principle that as larks sing sweetly all the sweetness in their little bodies lies in their tongues. Caligula, was it, who used to have pies made of lark's tongues set before him at his feasts? Fancy a monster like that having Shelley's sweet bird sacrificed for the sake of his gross palate. Poor Bob-o-linken has been harried and worried, and were it not for the cleverly-concealed nest in the hayfield, the family would probably have long since become extinct. The young males are without doubt watching—with the jealousy of a youth with

his first moutasche—each white and cream feather as it comes, and the little hooded effect of the ivory-tinted feathers around the black face which he sees mirrored in his drinking pool.

Master Red-shouldered Blackbird is winning his scarlet and buff epaulets, and father is shining up his, while mother and the girls are content with nice tailored suits of sober brown, striped with black. Things are reversed in the bird world in the matter of fashions. There, the women are the sensible ones.

From the land of flowers and warmth and sunshine where all this dress-making is going on, let us look in for a moment on the snow-buntings, those exquisite little birds with their soft brown, white and black points, making as they fly a Maltese cross against the snow banks. These wonderful little voyagers have their costumes in the far North, in the mountains of the high lands, and in the glens where lie their corries sheltered by the hills. A writer once described the song of the snow bird when heard in the lonely corrie, where never the track of hunter is seen or crack of the rifle heard, as a wild song of infinite charm and poetry. In it is expressed the lonely grandeur of the fastness away there in Scotland, the passion of the storm, and the glory of the sunshine. One travelling by night across the rocky hill-face once heard "an hour after midnight the snow-bird salute the as yet infant dawn with his clear wild song."

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THE POETRY OF TOM DALY

READERS of CANADA MONTHLY have found between its pages from time to time, exquisite little poems signed T. A. Daly. Mr. Daly is here with a whole volume of verse—a new book; "Madrigali" (David McKay, Phil.), which completes the trinity of Celtic-Italian poetry for which this author is rightly famous. The two former volumes, "Canzoni" and "Carmina" met with a wonderful reception, and the same will no doubt be accorded to "Madrigali." No one has seen into the soul of the Italian emigrant as has Mr. Daly. No one has interpreted the thoughts and feelings of that simple and sincere spirit as he has. It is a child's soul, the Italian, full of surprise, joyousness and faith. It also has the tenderness which is unknown to children—who cannot have it since they do not know tragedy or sorrow. With the Italians, tragedy is racial. It is in their big, soft eyes, and wherever there is tragedy, there must also be sorrow.

No one interprets Dago speech like Mr. Daly. It is perfect, this lingo of the banana man, the organ player, the flower seller. Excellent as is the author's Irish dialect, it is hardly as perfect as the broken, halting vowel-ending English speech of the Italian. And yet—even as I write, the "caoine" in some of those Celtic lilts wakes music in my soul.

From "Madrigali" we take here and there a verse, plucking in this garden of flowers a blossom as we go:

THE ITALIAN WIND.

I do not like da ween' dat blows
  Along da ceety street.
Eet breengs a message to da nose
  Dat ees not always sweet.
An', too, eet brags, dees ceety ween',
  How reech som' peopla are—
Dat's w'en eet's drunk with gasolene
  From passin' motor-car.
Eet ees no wondra I am sad
  For hear eet blow like dat
An' speak of theengs I nevva had
  An' nevva gona gat.

So, here I'm sad; but mebbe so
  I weell be happy yat.
Dere ees een countra-place I know
  A farm dat I can gat.
An' soon as I can finda man
  Dat like dees ceety street
An' buys from me dees leetla stan',
  I gona jomp at eet.
Ah! den w'en I am plant da leek
  An' garlic dere, you see,
Dose countra ween's dey sure weell speak
  Italian to me!

To my mind by far the best thing Mr. Daly has written is not in "Madrigali". It is neither Italian nor Irish, but pure English—or rather the soul of a man expressed in the tense nervous language which only our purest Saxon permits. It is a poem "To a Thrush," and is one of three prize-winners in "The Lyric Year," a volume published in November last. "The Thrush" received the second prize,

NO ONE HAS INTERPRETED THE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS OF THE SIMPLE ITALIAN SOUL AS HAS MR. DALY

and this out of a competition which numbered about nine thousand five hundred poems. It is purest poetry of the higher class, and limited as is my space here, I felt that a proper appreciation of the brilliant work of T. A. Daly would not be possible if I omitted it.

Here is a verse or two:—

TO A THRUSH.

Sing, clear, O throstle!
Thou golden-tongued apostle
And little brown-frocked brother
Of the loved Assisian!
Sing courage to the mother,
Sing strength into the man,
For they who, in another May,
Trod Hope's scant wine from grapes of pain
Have tasted in thy song to-day
The bitter-sweet red lees again.
To them in whose sad May-time thou
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
O prophet then, be prophet now
And paraclete!

The thought in "The Thrush"—I regret that I may not print the full poem—is a beautiful combination of the song of God's Chorister of the forest, and a little child born crippled into the world while "the little brown-frocked brother" is pouring out his throbbing melody.

Poets are the apostles of God. They bring us His messages. They open doors. They enlarge vision. We are apt in the grind, in the commonplace, to lose sight of the gentle personality of God—of the dignity and solemnity of Life. The poet reminds us.

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A BAHAI'S BELIEF

I append the following letter:—

ERIE, B. C.,
December 26, 1912.

DEAR PEDLAR:—

One of your readers who noticed the letter of mine which you kindly published last month, is puzzled about the possibility of being a Christian and a Bahai at the same time. Others may share his perplexity. I am therefore, writing out my reasons as briefly as I can so that you may publish them if you think fit.

I am a Bahai and a Christian because:—

1. The Bahai precepts are identical with the precepts of Jesus as they are laid down in the Gospels and as they were understood by the early Christian Fathers.

2. The Bahai teaching illumines the Bible and shows it to be, not merely a sacred revelation respected by a section of the world's people but the repository of truth from which all religions are supplied.

3. The Bahai teachings explain Jesus' promise: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them I will bring and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." The history of the movement shows how this promise is being fulfilled.

4. The Bahai teachings explain the inconsistencies and mutual persecutions that stain Christian Church History better than anything I ever heard. They declare that the pure Christianity taught by Jesus is unchangeable and they restate it, holding that inconsistences and so on in Christians are due to the influence of materialism on their spiritual forces. This materialism must be swept away, even as Jesus swept away the money-changers from the Temple in His day. Each individual can help.

5. Jesus clearly taught that His message to the world was not to be considered a final one. He told His disciples that He had many things to say to them that they were not yet able to bear. This simply means that the law of life is progress. The truth does not change: for it is "The Word" of an infinite immortal Being; but we mortals change our viewpoint continually and need to have re-statements now and then according to our capacity and according to the rate at which we are travelling. To illustrate, imagine how different would appear the same scene when passed in an old-fashioned donkey cart, such as is still occasionally seen on an English country road, and from the luxurious Pullman, travelling at something over sixty miles an hour. Still more striking is the change in a landscape when seen from the standpoint of the aeronaut. Yet the landscape is in all cases the same. Hence the mortal view of Truth has to be checked up from time to time as the world's life quickens.

6. The Bahai teachings focus and account for the religious awakening towards unity that has been such a marked characteristic of this century. The churches are caring for the bodies as well as the souls of men, the clergy are sinking many sectarian differences in social work. Science is showing us the wonderful powers that lay dormant in the human mind and consciousness. We are growing strong enough to "bear" many of those things that Jesus promised to tell His followers. Hence, He comes into our midst again, gently, quietly, humanly, as He came long ago, but this time not in the flesh but in the spirit, speaking first to those whose spirits are attuned to His own.

7. To work is to pray, to love is to serve, to believe is to act accordingly: These are the leading Bahai precepts put into plain and unvarnished language. They seem to me to express the highest and noblest of which our poor human nature is capable.

Please do not think that I speak with any special authority, legitimate or usurped, on these matters. I have just tried to put down as simply and briefly as possible the results of my knowledge of the Christian religion and my investigation into the Bahai claims.

No one can live in these times without feeling keenly the need for religious and social adjustment: and no woman can help sending up an earnest prayer that such adjustment may be brought about by spiritual rather than military and naval forces. Any movement that strengthens the spiritual forces in our midst must appeal to us.

Yours for peace, plenty, purity and justice,
MARIELLA LADD.

Seigneurial Founders of the Northwest

By the Viscount de Fronsac

WHO in modern, matter-of-fact, grain-growing Manitoba could believe to-day that a plumed knight of the feudal age first set authoritative foot on the soil of that western province, or beheld the distant peaks of the Rocky Mountains with the idea of extending to the waters of the Pacific the limits of the European monarch whom he served? There is not a mark on Manitoban soil to show that the knights of Louis XIV. of France carried thither the lilies of France and the vanguard of a civilization that has passed completely away with the glories of sentiment, honor and chivalry, leaving no trace behind.

Forget Manitoba for a moment, and turn back a leaf of history's page to the ancient feudal province of Normandie, birthplace of so much greatness. Among the seigneurial nobility there in the fifteenth century was the family of Gaulthier de Mongauthies. Of this family, the good knight Rene Gaulthier, Seigneur de Varennes, was an officer in the regiment of the celebrated Prince de Carigan, which in 1667 was ordered into Canada under the Colonel de Salt'eres. The Seigneur de Varennes married Marie, daughter of Pierre Boucher, another officer in this same regiment and administrator of New France, as Canada was then called, and Count de Boucherville.

By this marriage he had several sons, one of whom, Pierre Gaulthier de Varennes, Seigneur de La Verendrye, lieutenant and knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, was not only one of the most remarkable men of his time, but was one of the seigneurial founders of the Northwest. He was born at Three Rivers in 1685. He entered the army of France and served with distinction as an officer at the battle of Malplagnet, where, "fighting like a lion," he received seven wounds and was left for dead on that famous field of blood and glory. But he recovered and returned to New France, where his attention was drawn to the subject of extending the King's dominions to the waters of the Pacific, by this means controlling the waters of the Western Seas and all their coasts.

The project appealed to La Verendrye's imagination, and he petitioned the governor, Beauharnois, for a commission to undertake the task, which that officer granted, providing La Verendrye defrayed his expenses from his own private purse, and assumed the obligations of what might result from its failure. That was all that La Verendrye wanted. Filled with enthusiasm at the thought of founding a great feudal state, and undaunted by the thought of the toilsome journey or the damages from hostile Indians, he raised a small company of brave men and departed into the untrodden wilderness.

That is the beginning of the history of Manitoba. In the name of the French King, La Verendrye carried his arms and the banner of France into what is now the most eastern of the western provinces, crossed the site of what is now Winnipeg, and penetrated into the Rocky Mountains far enough to discover the westward flow of the rivers that empty into the Pacific. By his commission, he was governor for the King of all this territory, and he established several forts, one of which was on the Saskatchewan. These he maintained with miraculous success, considering the difficulties with which he was beset. At headquarters he was

continually handicapped by the jealousy and envy of others, and through their plottings he was finally recalled and died before the full fruit of his plans had matured. His sons, who had been associated with him in the work of exploring and developing the new country, left a reputation second only to their father's, whose views were those of a soldier, statesman and imperialist rather than those of a trader or adventurer.

Associated with the annals of the fur-trade are the names of Volant and Radisson, also of the seigneury, and originating in Provence. Near the town of Manosque, in the South of France, the family of Volant had held the feudal lordship or seigneurie of Arobenas for many generations. An ancestor, Nicolas Volant, entertained King Francis I. in the family manor-house when that monarch visited Provence in 1516. One of Nicolas' daughters had been chosen to present the keys of the town of Manosque to the king on the occasion of that visit, and historians of the province praise her charms and virtue.

Of this Provencal family, a cadet branch became established in Brittany, one of whom, Claude de Volant, Seigneur de St. Cloud, came to New France "for the glory of God and to extend the domain of France under the Royal Standard." He married Frances, daughter of Pierre Esprit de Radisson, a famous explorer, whose wife was a daughter of that Admiral Kerth who had captured Quebec for the English in earlier days, Kerth being a Huguenot exile driven from France in the bloody Huguenot days and in the rival service of the English monarch. By this marriage, Claude Volant, Seigneur de St. Cloud, became Seigneur de Radisson. His name is written broad across the history of the founding of the Northwest, and with his brother-in-law, Chouart de Groseilliers, he became the means of founding the Hudson's Bay Company.

He had been commissioned as captain, and sailed in his ship, "The Eaglet," but the English commander, who was in charge of this ship which was to penetrate the Northwest by way of Hudson Bay, became fearful before the completion of the voyage, and turned back, in spite of the protests of Volant de Radisson. However, in after years Radisson continued to perfect his plans, for which Prince Rupert stood sponsor. One of his sons, Etienne Volant, Seigneur de Radisson, as colonel of the Burgess militia, promoted the interests of his brother Nicolas in opening up the commerce of the Northwest in furs and carrying on the work of their father.

But the real work of Radisson was accomplished in connection with Groseilliers in the regions of what is now northern Manitoba and western Ontario and the region about James Bay. Groseilliers belonged to the ancient family of Chouart, who had possessed the noble fief and manor of De La Porte in Brittany for over two centuries. One of this house, Medard Chouart, married Marie Poirier at Charles St. Cyr, and their son Medard, moved by the love of adventure, ambition to perform great deeds, and restore the fortunes of his family, came to New France before 1647, where he obtained the Seigneurie of Groseilliers, and where, with Volant de Radisson, he established Rupert's Land.

It was in 1661 that Groseilliers and Radisson made the first explorations of Hudson Bay from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg. They saw that the vast wealth in furs, as well as any other wealth offered by the region, could be collected in stations along James Bay, and shipped direct to Europe. They reported this discovery to the French Fur Company, but without effect. Then they travelled to Plymouth, England; thence to Paris, hoping to interest the French courtiers. In Paris they met Colonel Carr, a Scottish officer, who listened with great interest to their story, and introduced them to Prince Rupert of Bavaria, cousin of Charles II. of England, who was acting as his royal cousin's ambassador in Paris. The result of their interview was that Prince Rupert caught the enthusiasm of the two explorers, and determined to assist them.

In the following June they brought a valuable cargo from New France to

Europe, and this so impressed Prince Rupert that he induced the King in 1670 to grant him and seventeen others the charter of the Ancient and Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company of Gentlemen Adventurers, Trading into Rupert's Land. The Prince became first governor of this Company, and the land over which they had a charter to operate was named after him.

These three men, Gaulthier de La Verendrye, Volant de Radisson and Chouart des Groseilliers, were the seigneurial founders of the great Northwest. The first pointed out the possibilities of the command of the Pacific, and the two others demonstrated the feasibility of the sea route from Hudson Bay to Europe, which has so long been a bone of contention and which only to-day is becoming recognized in its full value. They were men of the race of Champlain and Gilbert, of Carter and Raleigh and Cardross and Cabot. They were soldiers and navigators, historians, statesmen, philosophers and imperialists, instructed in science as their day knew it, and associated with greatness from their childhood. There is little knowledge of them among Canadians of to-day. History remembers them, but no Province has been named for them, and no monument erected to their memories. Perhaps the time may come when the work they did for Canada will be given a truer valuation and a higher respect among those who would never have been, save for these seigneurial founders of the great Northwest.

A LULLABY

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

BYE, little baby, bye, oh bye!
The gold June moon is in the sky;
Watch its gleam through the curtain beam.
Bye, oh baby, off to dream.

Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
The sun's abed and night is nigh.
Hark to the breeze run through the trees.
Bye, oh baby, on my knees.

Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
As gently breathing here you lie,
Wee sleepy head ready for bed,
Bye, oh baby, sleep, I said.

Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
Day's load shaken with that sigh.
Snuggle him deep; his toes shan't peep.
Bye, oh baby, gone to sleep!

HER LINES

"ANYHOW," she says complacently, "my dressmaker told me this morning that I had positively splendid lines."

"So you have, my dear," commented the hard-hearted husband. "So you have, but they are all lines of latitude."

A THOUGHTLESS WOMAN

"MY wife," growled Kadley, "is the most forgetful woman."

"Indeed?" queried his friend, politely.

"Yes; she can never remember in the morning where I put my pipe the night before."

HIS OPINION OF THEM

"AN heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."

THE RESPONSE WHOLESALE

A SOCIETY woman wrote to an army officer at Fort Sam Houston: "Mrs. Smythe requests the pleasure of Captain Bunker's company at a reception, July Sixteenth."

Next day she received this note of acceptance: "With the exception of three men who have the measles and one who is in the guardhouse, Captain Bunker's company accepts Mrs. Smythe's kind invitation for the sixteenth."

HIS SUCCESS

"YOUR friend Little tells me he's got his wife pretty thoroughly trained now."

"Yes, he's got her trained so that he can make her do pretty nearly anything she wants to do."

WATCHING HIS DEVOTION

THE big steamer had left the pier. The young man on the tar barrel still waved his handkerchief desperately.

"Oh, what're you waiting for? Come on!" said his companions disgustedly.

"I *daren't*"—with one fearful glance backward.

"What's the matter?"

"She has a field glass," said the young man.

WHAT HE FIGURED ON

A BUNCH of old Banks fishermen in the cabin of a smack had been puzzling for half an hour over the mental problem: "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how many herrings can you buy for a shilling and a half."

"What did you say the mackerel and a half cost?" asked one of the fishermen.

"I didn't say mackerel: I said herring!" explained the skipper.

"Oh, that's different," said the sailor man. "I've been figuring on mackerel."